

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The Historical Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1824.

THE name of Joanna of Naples has been so long considered as synonymous with crime and profligacy—with all dereliction of female honour and decorum, that many who are acquainted with no more of her life than the brief and compendious slander generally attached to her in outlines of modern history, will either anticipate many impure details in these volumes, or wonder that such a subject should have been selected by the historian. On perusal, however, we find so little ground for the charges generally adduced against her, that we wonder how such calumnies should have ever found credit, did we not know the virulence of party-spirit and the avidity with which reports prejudicial to the fame of others are ever received by the world. As here represented, she appears to have been every way worthy of her illustrious descent and high rank,—as amiable for her moral virtues and the generosity of her character, as for the charms of her person and her extraordinary accomplishments. As the encourager of literature and the patroness of Petrarch and other eminent individuals, this princess has at least such claims on our admiration, that we ought not to pronounce her guilty, until we have attentively listened to the vindication here presented in her behalf.

The deposition of Frederic II. of Swabia, pronounced by the council of Lyons, in 1245, transferred the kingdom of Naples to Charles of Anjou, who, by his marriage with Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Raimond Berenger V., Count of Provence, had become master of that delightful territory. But, although the pope then sought to deprive Frederic of his crown, that prince was not disposed to resign it; he retained it five years longer, and then, at his death, bequeathed his Italian dominions to his son Conrad, and, in failure of his issue, to his illegitimate son, Manfred.

The reign of the former was very short, and Manfred afterwards usurped the rights of young Conradine, his nephew. He soon fell, however, at the battle of Benevento; after which, Charles effectually removed the pretensions of the youthful Conradine, by dooming him to a public and ignominious death, and thus became undisputed master of Naples. His son and successor, Charles II., proved himself, during a reign of twenty-five years, the kind protector of

his subjects, while, by the fostering patronage which he lent to the arts, he laid the foundation of that celebrity which Naples attained in the following reigns. At his death, he was succeeded in his Neapolitan possessions by his third son, Robert; his second son, St. Louis of Toulouse, having died at an early age, and his eldest, Charles Martel, possessing the crown of Hungary, in right of his mother. The pretensions of the Hungarian line, and their jealousy, eventually caused the misfortunes and worked the downfall of Joanna. Robert, who justly merited the epithets *wise* and *good* attached to his name, is well known as the grandfather and immediate predecessor of Joanna (her father, the Duke of Calabria, dying very shortly after her birth;)—

'This prince was not less distinguished for his martial abilities than for his pacific virtues; and though he was never able to reduce the island of Sicily to obedience, yet, as the head of the Guelph party, his influence extended throughout the whole of the Italian peninsula, from the kingdom of Naples at one extremity, to his own states in Piedmont at the other. The popes, by their residence at Avignon, had much weakened their temporal authority in Italy; and all that their spiritual power gave them was, by their favour, transferred to the king of Naples, their faithful vassal, and their valiant champion in their unceasing contests with the German emperors.

'Italy was at this period the nursery of arts, sciences, and letters, and Robert exerted his widely-spread influence, much to the benefit of mankind in general, by his liberal and powerful patronage of learning and learned men: he delighted not only in their conversation, but in hearing them read their works; and liberally recompensed them in praise, and more solid rewards. All those whose fame had reached him he invited to his court, and others repaired to his palace of their own accord, certain of a gracious reception. At an immense expense he collected the richest library in Europe, and committed it to the care of Paul of Perugia, one of the most eminent scholars of the day. From his earliest youth he had scarcely ever passed a day without study; in the camp or the court, it formed equally the relaxation of his leisure moments; the habit had been formed during his captivity in Spain, and it became afterwards the passion of his life; rather more, perhaps, in old age, than was desirable in a king. He was constantly surrounded by books, and read even in his

walks, often drawing from his studies instructive, and sometimes, we are told, sublime subjects of conversation. He is said to have been an eloquent orator, and a skilful philosopher and physician, taking that word either as implying a knowledge of the works of nature, or the art of medicine; and, like all other philosophers and physicians of his time, was profoundly versed in the theological subtleties and astrological visions of the day. It is a curious fact, however, that this most learned king was, in his early childhood, rather of a dull capacity, and had so great an aversion to learning, that his father despaired of his even acquiring the common rudiments of literature. The perusal of the fables of Æsop first inspired Robert with that passion for reading which has conferred greater celebrity on his name than all his martial exploits. Though, like all his family, fond of the gay science, as practised by the troubadours of Provence, he considered the art of poetry as applicable only to trifling subjects, and as ranking infinitely below the erudite studies of the scholastic divine or astrologer, and seems to have been wholly unacquainted with the poetry of his Florentine contemporary, the immortal Dante.'

A mistaken policy induced Robert to unite Joanna, while yet a child, with Andrew, the youngest son of his nephew, Carobert of Hungary, a youth of ignoble character, in preference to any of his nephews of the houses of Tarante or Durazzo.

At his decease, he appointed a regency during the minority of Joanna; but the imbecility and youth of Andrew soon placed both himself and his youthful consort within the power of Friar Robert, a monster of cruelty and hypocrisy. This wretch,—

'On the joint proclamation of Andrew and Joanna, as king and queen, demanded admission to the council for himself, as preceptor, and for Nicholas the Hungarian, as governor of the young king; they, by a fatal oversight, admitted them to a share in the government, thus undoing, in an hour, all the measures the late king had taken, for a series of years, for their exclusion. By a continuation of the same artifices the friar procured the admission of some of his creatures to the council, and the appointment of others to offices of trust and importance; and was thus enabled to seize the reins of government, when the unfortunate interference of Pope Clement VI. cancelled the regency as appointed by the will of Robert, and nominated his legate to govern in its place in right of a peculiar clause of the in-

vestiture. The turbulent and ambitious amongst the nobles seized the opportunity of forwarding their own schemes, and would obey neither the regency nor the legate, pleading the rights of the council of regency when the legate commanded, and denying their authority when they endeavoured to enforce obedience to the papal mandates. Friar Robert, active and ambitious, governing the populace by his hypocritical pretences to superior sanctity, and working on the hopes of the mercenary and profligate among the nobles by promises of future advancement, soon found himself at the head of a party powerful enough to enable him to defy both Pope and regency; and no longer keeping any measures, claimed every thing in right of Andrew alone, treated both the queen dowager and the queen regnant with the utmost insolence, and the latter, as the wife of Andrew, became, in fact, only a state prisoner in their hands; whilst the other members of the royal family, banished from court by the arrogance of the Hungarians, abandoned her to her fate, some of the princes of the blood retiring to their own fortresses to brood over schemes of revenge or aggrandizement at home, others repairing to the shores of Greece in the vain hope of establishing their title to the empire of the west by force of arms.

'This first reverse of fortune was a hard trial to a princess of sixteen, who had hitherto been the object of parental fondness and courtly adulation; but what afflicted her still more was the weak indolence of her husband, who was not less than herself the slave of the Hungarians.'

The coronation of Andrew was opposed by the Neapolitan princes, altogether, especially by the Duke of Durazzo, who had espoused the Princess Maria, Joanna's sister; for they dreaded the insolence of the Hungarians, should they be furnished with any legitimate title to rule; yet, at length, a bribe to the pope from the court of Hungary procured his bull for the coronation of Andrew and Joanna conjointly; but, of the former, only as consort of the queen.

The celebration of this ceremony was, however, frustrated by an event that fatally affected Joanna's repose while living, and her character when dead:—

'The 20th of September was fixed for the coronation of the king and queen. On the night of the 18th they retired to rest as usual, intending to return at an early hour the next day to Naples, preparatory to the ceremonies and fatigues of the morrow. The Hungarian attendants of Andrew were sunk in sleep and wine, the monks of the convent were enjoying their short repose previous to their customary hour of chanting matins, when Mabrice, the sister of Jacobuzio di Pace, Andrew's chamberlain, who was one of the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, entered in haste, and told Andrew that a courier from Friar Robert had just arrived, and waited to confer with him on affairs of moment. Unsuspicious of any evil design, the prince got up and dressed himself, in order to proceed to an apartment at the end of a neighbouring gallery,

where, not the supposed courier, but some of the conspirators were assembled. Immediately on his leaving the queen, the door of her apartment was secured by the conspirators, we must suppose, to prevent his return or her egress. When he got about the middle of the gallery, some persons, but who they were was never positively known, surrounded him; one stopped his mouth with an iron gauntlet or glove, so as to prevent his cries; others threw round his neck a cord with a running knot, a towel, or a handkerchief—for the circumstances are differently related, and all dragged him forward to the balcony of the open gallery, from which he was hung over the garden, and some of the conspirators stationed there strangled him by pulling him by the feet. Having accomplished their horrible purpose, they would have proceeded to bury the body in the garden, with the intention of saying he had left the kingdom for Hungary, by the advice of his counsellors; but the execution of this imbecile contrivance was stopped by the unexpected appearance of an Hungarian maid (by some said to have been the nurse of Andrew, but not so called by Villani) who slept near, probably in one of the apartments under the balcony, and who was disturbed by the fall of the body, when the cord which suspended it was cut or broken. Her cries assembled the inhabitants of the convent to the spot and dispersed the conspirators, who fled in all directions; and the body of the unfortunate prince was immediately carried into the church of the convent. Of this horrible transaction little is certainly known, except the atrocious catastrophe. Historians disagree as to the circumstances, the instigators and the perpetrators of the murder, and abound in directly contradictory assertions; some say that Andrew was sleeping with the queen when he was called up; and as Boccaccio on the one side, who was at Naples at the time, and Villani on the other, who had been informed by Nicholas, the Hungarian, his governor, agree in this, it was most probably the case; others, however, say he was in the anti-chamber, undressing, and others that he was in a different apartment altogether, with the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, laughing and talking with childish mirth. The queen, immediately on the murder, fled to Naples, in a dreadful state of agitation and fear; and calling round her the most esteemed friends of King Robert, commanded their counsels in this fearful emergency. Messengers were immediately despatched to inform the Pope and the King of Hungary of the dreadful event: and Joanna is said to have written to the latter a most pathetic letter, imploring his protection for her and her unborn child. No authentic account remains of how or when she became acquainted, or showed acquaintance, with the murder of Andrew. Villani only says she returned to Naples next morning, and did not show the grief she ought to have done. Her contemporary friends, who have not had recourse to invention in her defence, are also silent on the subject. But some writers have re-

presented her behaviour according as it appeared most likely to their imagination that she would act on the supposition of her guilty participation in the foul deed. The chronicle of Gravina represents the nurse, after seeing the body in the garden, as calling Andrew, and receiving no answer, at which she burst into the apartment; and states, that when the queen was informed by her and others, whom her cries drew to her apartment, of the murder of the king, she was so conscience-stricken, and in such a state of guilty confusion, that she could not even rise from the spot where she lay till the morning was far advanced, and knew not how to raise her tearless eyes, or to look up at any one.

'The fancy of other writers has given a directly contrary picture. The nurse, according to her usual custom, goes into the apartment and finds the queen sitting up at the side of the bed; she asks her where the king is; Joanna, laughing, says she does not know, on which the nurse goes out, and, directed by a *miraculous light*, sees Andrew's body lying on the grass, below the balcony; supposing him asleep, she returns to the chamber, saying, "Lady, the king sleeps in the garden," to which the queen replies, "Let him sleep there;" still unsatisfied, she descends to the garden, where her appearance puts the conspirators to flight.

'At the end of three days, the body of the unfortunate Andrew was conveyed to Naples and buried in the cathedral, "where," says Bouche, "it was laid in the chapel of St. Louis, with many tears and lamentations." The horror that was expressed at his fate by all ranks of people in the kingdom of Naples, is highly creditable to the moral feeling of the times: the youth, the innocence, and the unmerited sufferings of the victim moved the most obdurate hearts. But whilst historians unanimously record this circumstance, the representations of many would lead a careless reader to suppose that the remains of the prince were neglected and exposed to indignity. "His body lay three days unburied, and then, say they, was brought to Naples, and buried by the canon of the cathedral at his own expense." Hence some make out an additional charge against Joanna, accusing her of neglecting the interment altogether; whilst others assert that she had it performed hastily and privately before she left Aversa. These accusations neutralize each other. The first opinion is derived from what Bouche calls "*the ingenious but false epitaph*," inscribed on the tomb of Andrew in the early part of the 16th century, by one of those who, after the accusations originally made against her had been given up by her contemporaries, prompted by the fury of party spirit in religion, endeavoured to revive them after her decease.

'There is in this representation just that mixture of truth and falsehood which always enters into the composition of slander, and without which it could not for one moment hold together, or assume any imposing shape. The body of Andrew was three days unburied. The preparations for its

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interment, with the ceremonies due to his rank, could not have been completed sooner; and a more hasty interment would have shown the precipitation of guilt seeking concealment. His obsequies were most probably performed by the canon of the cathedral, whose proper office it was, and in the cathedral, the customary burying-place of the monarchs of Naples; whether at the expense of the canon of the cathedral or not, it is impossible to say; if they were, it was doubtless customary: the canons of St. Peter's had performed the obsequies of the popes from the earliest recorded period, and a great portion of the funereal expenses were at their charge. If any, or all, of the royal family had compassed the death of the unfortunate youth, it is absurd to suppose they would have permitted a circumstance of this kind, which must have revolted all minds against them. The greater the consciousness of guilt, the more solicitude to preserve appearances.

'Most of the contemporaries of the ill-fated Andrew have represented his manners as barbarous and gross, and his habits as those of the lowest intemperance, and some have even added ferocity to drunkenness, gluttony, and other low propensities. But these vague accusations proceed principally from the chroniclers of distant Italian and German cities, who, without any personal knowledge on the subject, have recorded popular rumours and prejudices. The friends and the enemies of the reputation of Johanna have alike concurred in exaggerating his faults, the first to excuse, at all risks, the conduct imputed to her, the other to account for that personal aversion which could alone form a sufficient motive to render the part they have attributed to her compatible with her general character for equity and humanity, patience and forgiveness. The judicious Costanzo speaks of Andrew only as stupid and slothful, and rather as devoid of great qualities than degraded by vicious ones: Villani designates him only as a youthful and innocent king: whilst Petrarch, rising in his praises calls him the most gentle and inoffensive of men, a youth of a rare disposition, a king of great hopes.

'This eulogium of Petrarch it is difficult to reconcile with the measures of exclusion adopted by King Robert, and with other historical evidence: like most eloquent writers, he not unfrequently overpasses the just measure of praise or blame to heighten the effect of his subject. His eulogium of Andrew was written immediately after his death, when all his feelings were naturally excited in his favour, and whilst he was yet grateful to him for having liberated the Pipini, unconscious that he had thereby mainly contributed to his death. The medium between the exaggerated praise of Petrarch and the contumely of most of his other contemporaries, will probably give the true character of Andrew. Guileless and inoffensive, the faculties of his mind were so torporized by indolence, that they were, in his short career, nearly as useless as if they had never existed; and if he was

indeed a youth of great hopes, his intellect must have been of that description which is not manifested at an early period, but which is not the less valuable for its tardy development.'

We have not space to enter at length into the arguments adduced by the author to vindicate Joanna, from being privy to this murder; suffice it to say, therefore, that at the time no imputation attached itself to Joanna, for not even Louis of Hungary, Andrew's elder brother, and subsequently the mortal enemy of the queen, made any accusation of the kind against her until he aimed at seizing on her dominions.

(To be continued.)

The Bachelor's Wife: a Selection of Curious and Interesting Extracts, with Cursory Observations. By JOHN GALT, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 444. Edinburgh and London, 1824.

If readers could be deterred from a perusal of any work by the first half-dozen words, few persons would have perused Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, for he begins by telling us that there are a hundred faults in it: if we, therefore, say the *Bachelor's Wife* is not like *Cæsar's wife*, that in fact she is not without her faults (a privilege very ungallantly allowed to a woman without a head only), we trust our readers will not stop there, but hear us out—for 'we will speak.' Our first objection to this work will be considered a very singular one: it is simply that Mr. Galt is by far too clever a man for such a task,—a person of his genius should not *make books*; but the fact is that the *Bachelor's Wife* is rather a recreation than a work of the author,—a sort of relaxation while he was spending the produce of his last novel and projecting a new one. Another objection we have to the remark in the preface is that he 'has not scrupled to assume opinions which he would hesitate in many instances to acknowledge as his own,' because there are several subjects noticed in the work on which we should like to have his real opinion; the disavowal, however, will not excite surprise when the *Bachelor's Wife* asserts that the dramas of Shakspeare 'are heavy and improbable spectacles,' that nothing can be worse as a piece of art than *Hamlet*, that 'nobody goes to see a play of Shakspeare from any curiosity with respect to the result of the scenes as connected with the story,' and that 'the stars of his poetry are so involved amidst clouds of mediocrity, that a stranger without a guide might look for them all the livelong night of the shortest day and probably not find one of them.' To this we would only agree on the same condition that Dr. O'Toole, in the farce of the *Irish Tutor*, does as to the propriety of putting what he calls '*Romulus and Remus's history*' into the hands of a child—provided the stranger could not read; for we do not think there is a human being at all conversant in the English language that can read a single page of the worst play Shakspeare ever wrote, without discovering many such 'stars of poetry' as rarely shine

in modern verse. But it is unnecessary to remark on opinions which the author hesitates to acknowledge.

The *Bachelor's Wife*, Egeria—no relation to the nymph of Aricia—is a regular *bas-bleu*, stripped of all the disagreeable part of the character, who converses on all subjects with her Benedict, acts as his librarian, and, like the bird of India, the indicator, points out where the sweets are to be found.

The work is, as the title-page states, a selection of curious and interesting extracts, not huddled together without taste or discrimination; on the contrary, they form a bouquet of which the author finds something more than the thread,—a sort of tessellated pavement, in which the cement not only unites the other pieces disposed in harmonious order, but is in itself ornamental.

The selections are very judiciously made, and sometimes are classed under distinct subjects, though generally they consist of distinct articles in separate chapters, which are prefaced by some apposite colloquy between the Bachelor and his Egeria. The work forms a sort of literary picnic, to which each guest supplies a dish, while the Bachelor and his wife furnish the sauces and garnish the table. Strange food it will be said, when we find that De Humboldt furnishes an earthquake, and Dr. Clarke a volcano, as well as an account of Moscow and Russian nobility; Howison drops down upon us the Falls of Niagara; Miot (a very questionable authority) presents his account of the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa by Buonaparte. We have a *Picture of Greek Manners* from Dr. Holland, and another of *African Manners* by Mr. Bowdich (the last victim at present to African discovery), which is followed by Miss Edgeworth's *Description of an Irish Cottage*. Sir Robert Ker Porter supplies a bevy of *Russian Dwarfs*, and recounts some of the *Adventures of Gustavus Vasa*; Burckhardt describes the distresses of thirst experienced in a caravan; the fair author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* furnishes an account of the Roman Palaces, and Legh presents us with the horrors of a descent into the Caverns of the Crocodiles near Manfalout; as a companion to which Orme adds the *Perilous Adventures of the Two Shirleys among the Turks and Persians*. M. Kinnaird gives a brief *Memoir of the fourteen-wived corsair, John Teach*, alias *Black-Beard*; and Sir James Mackintosh,* instead of the first page of the first chapter of the first volume of his *History of England*, offers for acceptance some eloquent passages from his admirable defence of Peltier. To render the work somewhat

* If ever a man hid his talents, or put a lighted candle under a bushel, it is this gentleman. With the exception of his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and a few political pamphlets of no importance, this gentleman though possessing abundant leisure and great genius has written nothing. His *History of England* was announced ten years ago, as not only agreed for, but purchased at an immense price, and we doubt that a dozen pages of it are written.

theological, Mr. Roscoe gives us the character of Luther; and that Protestantism may not have entirely its own way, Eustace squeezes in the pompous ceremony of high mass in St. Peter's: nor is the art military forgotten, for we have Froissart's Description of the Battle of Cressy, Southey's Siege of Saragossa, and one or two descriptive scenes from the Memoirs of Prince Eugene. Modern novelists have also been called upon, and the authors of Reginald Dalton and Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, are both contributors to this literary olio; and, by the bye, there is a chapter torn from Grose's Olio, a leaf from Holinshed, and one or two characters from Bishop Earle. But of all the contributors, poets and critics are the most liberal: of the former we have Ben Jonson, Marston, Chapman, Wither, Lovelace, Carew, Bishop Sprat, Elton, Sir Philip Sidney, and others, even to Sotheby's Saul and Southey's Rhoderic, independent of plague poets, neglected poets, and stray poets. Blackwood, who always contrives to squeeze himself into every good thing, as well as to squeeze innumerable good things into himself, gives us a batch of criticisms on Warburton and Johnson, extending to some twenty pages. The Quarterly Review supplies an account of Popular Mythology, and a description of Ancient Rome: while the Edinburgh overwhelms us with Essays on Mahomedanism, the Philosophy of Kant, and the Steam-Engine. *Entre nous* (that is, between the public and ourselves) the latter article would have been as well omitted, on account of certain notorious blunders which it contains. The reviewer assumes, nay even asserts, that 'the first idea of the steam-engine is found in the writings of that celebrated projector, the Marquis of Worcester,' who wrote in the year 1605. Now it is notorious that Solomon de Caus described a steam-engine which approached very near to the invention of the ingenious marquis, above a century before,—namely in the year 1615; and that Branca, an Italian mathematician, gave a view and description of a steam-engine, in his 'New Volume of Machines,' published in the year 1629; but why do we talk of the steam-engine being the invention of the lower moderns, when the elder Hero, of Alexandria, who flourished 130 years before Christ, describes two machines, both of which are moved by steam; but *revenue a nos moutons*, or, in other words, let us quit Hero, of Alexandria, and return to the Bachelor's Wife, whom we quitted rather ungallantly. For very obvious reasons, our extracts will not be numerous or long, as the work, though forming a very pleasing volume, pretends to no other originality than that of an author ingeniously reaping the harvest of others. We shall, however, put our sickle in, aiming principally at such parts as are original, and first of the Battle of Cressy:—

"I remember," said the bachelor, in speaking of the military achievements of the English nation,—“I remember to have heard a remark once made which struck me at the time as having something in it of novelty; and yet, though I have often since

turned and turned it over and over again in my mind, I have never been able to discover that it has any foundation in fact, or, in truth, any meaning at all. It was made in a party where the conversation was about the superior poetical circumstances of ancient warfare compared with those of modern battle. 'The poetry is not in the circumstances,' said one of the gentlemen, 'but in the more animated way in which our ancestors were accustomed to consider the details of bravery and adventure.' Why our ancestors should have done so I cannot understand, nor do I believe they did; but still there is no denying that the incidents of knightly enterprise belonging to their times possess a degree of interest which I doubt if it be possible to confer on the military exploits of any modern hero; and all this I conceive to be chiefly owing to the panoply and paraphernalia of their warfare affording scope for livelier sallies of fancy in description."

"Perhaps," replied Egeria, after pondering some time, "there is something in the observation, if we could but know what was passing in the gentleman's mind when he made it. In the battle-foes of antiquity there is a degree of vivacity arising from the narrations having been chiefly gathered from actors in the scenes, very different from the calm official formality of our gazette accounts, which, though also from actors, are yet written, as it were, in a uniform and prescribed style. Buonaparte is almost the only modern who has stamped the impress of his own mind on the reports of his transactions. His bulletin after his return from the Russian campaign is quite poetical. Lord Nelson also, on one or two occasions, broke out from the Whitehall style, and betrayed the depth of his feelings. You should therefore bear in mind, that the tameness of modern history, with respect to military achievements, arises, beyond all doubt, from the official forms in which the information concerning them is conveyed."

"As to the panoply and paraphernalia of ancient battles being more picturesque than those of modern warfare, I am not inclined to admit. The sea-fights of our own time have been immeasurably more magnificent, both in outline and detail, than any possible combustion that could arise among the galleys of the ancients; and if there was of old the sounding of shields, have we not added the thunder of cannon and bombs, and rockets too as frightful as comets, to say nothing of the explosion of mines and magazines? The grandeur of the battles of the ancients and of our ancestors consists in the exertions of individual valour; every thing is particular, and the art of the poet in describing them lies in the interest with which he invests the enterprises of single warriors. But modern war is a superb generality—all is shrouded in smoke—each particular battle is a thunder-cloud, wherein one sees but the glancing of fires, and hears but the rattling of successive peals; the interest, therefore, of modern war in description must lie in some-

thing very different from those sort of minute details and individual exploits, which constitute the charm and sublimity of Homeric battles. In the battle of Waterloo, it is not to be doubted that the men felt as proudly as ever their forefathers did at Cressy or at Agincourt; but it would not be easy to give an account of their disciplined fortitude that would possess the spirit and liveliness of Froissart's picture of the renowned field of Cressy."

Our next extract is from the stray poetry, which contains many charming specimens (original we suspect) and is entitled an—

'ELEGY BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

- 'How blest was I at Dobson's ball!
The fiddlers come, my partner chosen!
My oranges were five in all,
Alas! they were not half a dozen!
- 'For soon a richer rival came,
And soon the bargain was concluded;
My Peggy took him without shame,
And left me hopeless and deluded.
- 'To leave me for an orange more!
Could not your pockets full content ye?
What could you do with all that store?
He had but six, and five were plenty.
- 'And mine were biggest, I protest,
For some of his were only penny ones,
While mine were all the very best,
As juicy, large, and sweet as any one's.
- 'Could I have thought, ye beaux and belles,
An orange would have so undone me!
Or any thing the grocer sells,
Could move my fair one thus to shun me!
- 'All night I sat in fixed disdain,
While hornpipes numberless were hobbled;
I watch'd my mistress and her swain,
And saw his paltry present gobbled.
- 'But when the country-dance was call'd,
I could have cried with pure vexation;
For by the arms I saw her haul'd,
And led triumphant to her station.
- 'What other could I think to take?
Of all the school she was the tallest;
What choice worth making could I make,
None left me, but the very smallest!
- 'But now all thoughts of her adieu!
This is no time for such diversion;
Mair's Introduction lies in view,
And I must write my Latin version.
- 'Yet all who that way are inclined,
This lesson learn from my undoing;
Unless your pockets are well lined,
'Tis labour lost to go a wooing.'

Egeria is very severe on Peter the Great, of Russia, without making a due allowance for the barbarous state of the country he had to govern; but no wonder a lady should be severe on this great monarch when she estimates his character by the following ridiculous account of his visit to Berlin:—

"In the year 1717, Peter the Great came with his empress and court to pay a visit at Berlin. On his first presentation, the czar took Frederic by the hand, and said, he was glad to see him; he then offered to kiss the queen, but she declined the honour. He next presented his son and daughter, and four hundred ladies in waiting, the greater part of whom, the princess assures us, were washerwomen and

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scullions promoted to that nominal dignity. Almost every one of them, however, she adds, had a baby richly dressed in her arms; and when any one asked whose it was, answered with great coolness and complacency, that 'the czar had done her the honour to make her the mother of it.' The czarine was very short, tawny, and ungraceful, dressed like a provincial German player, in an old-fashioned robe, covered with dirt and silver, and with some dozens of medals and pictures of saints strung down the front, which clattered every time she moved like the bells of a pack-horse. She spoke little German, and no French; and finding that she got on but ill with the queen and her party, she called her fool into a corner to come and entertain her in Russian—which she did with such effect, that she kept her in a continual roar of laughter before all the court. The czar himself is described as tall and rather handsome, though with something intolerably harsh in his physiognomy. On first seeing our royal author he took her up in his arms, and rubbed the skin off her face in kissing her with his rough beard; laughing very heartily at the airs with which she resented this familiarity. He was liable at times to convulsive starts and spasms, and being seized with them when at table, with his knife in his hand, put his hosts into no little bodily terror. He told the queen, however, that he would do her no harm, and took her hand in token of his good humour; but squeezed it so unmercifully that she was forced to cry out—at which he laughed again with great violence, and said, "her bones were not so well knit as his Catherine's." There was to be a grand ball in the evening; but as soon as he had done eating, he got up, and trudged home by himself to his lodgings in the suburbs. Next day they went to see the curiosities of the place. What pleased him most was a piece of antique sculpture, most grossly indecent. Nothing, however, would serve him but that his wife should kiss this figure; and when she hesitated, he told her he would cut off her head if she refused. He then asked this piece and several other things of value from the king, and packed them off for Petersburg, without ceremony. In a few days after, he took his departure; leaving the palace in which he had been lodged in such a state of filth and dilapidation as to remind one of the desolation of Jerusalem.

We shall conclude our extracts with the author's (for here he is entitled to that name) own 'Conclusion,' which contains a sly hit at modern literary vanity:—

'Having thus, in a most ingenious manner, shown with what sort of conjugal sweets those gentlemen are entertained who bind themselves for better and worse to the intellectual nymphs, especially such of them as connect themselves with the family of General Literature, we now lay down our pen, trim our frill, and smooth our vest, to receive the congratulations of the world on the success and felicity with which we have accomplished a most interesting and delightful task. Certainly, we might affect a tone of greater humility, but humility went out of

fashion before we came into this world; and, to say the truth, it is a weak apery of the old school of merit for authors, or indeed for any body else, now-a-days, to talk with diffidence of themselves.

'No discovery of the moderns is more deserving of approbation than the uses of the power of self-confidence,—it is to the business of life what steam is in mechanics,—and its operations on the public produce effects quite as wonderful,—sometimes, it is said, as profitable. May this be the case in the present instance,—for without a view to profit no man who has come to years of discretion would ever think of writing a book. Under the old system, where the vast effects of the self-confident power were scarcely even imagined, it is inconceivable what perturbation men of pretension as well as their friends suffered, when they advanced to claim the attention of the world. But now all is smoothness, expectation, and complacency. Every genius, to whatever class or species he may happen to belong, is instructed, when he advances from under the maternal wing to try his pinions in the world, to believe that he cannot take too bold a flight; and, accordingly, he most judiciously joins his own chirrup to the encouragement of his friends, just as the school-boy, in passing through the church-yard at night,—

"Whistles aloud to cheer his courage up."

The more his fears thicken, and the faster his heart beats, the louder and the livelier he whistles. It is so with modern modesty;—there is, however, more real humility often in a swagger than in the most demure and downcast bashfulness. But enough of this: the reader will not think a bit better of our book by all the blushes we might try to make with ink.'

A few more 'last words' must be allowed us, though merely to say that the Bachelor's Wife, is, in the variety and interest of its selection, far superior to the generality of works of this description, and that it is enriched with many accurate remarks and just observations.

Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England.

(Concluded from p. 146.)

In the course of his history, Mr. Godwin takes an able view of the state of Ireland during the reign of James I. and Charles I., the administration of Lord Strafford, and the events which followed in that country during the disputes between Charles and his Parliament, when the Irish thought it a good opportunity to shake off those colonists, James I. had sent over with the alleged purpose of reclaiming the wild inhabitants, and improving the neglected soil of Ireland, so as to render it a valuable appendage to the empire. The Irish took advantage of this dissension in England, and Sir Phelim O'Neill commenced a formidable insurrection in Ulster, which soon spread to other parts:—

'The insurgents began with the language of moderation, even, comparatively, of humanity. They resolved to possess the strong

places; they resolved to be lords of the soil. They considered the English as interlopers, from whom they had sustained multiplied and protracted injuries: in conformity with the royal commission, they professed to look with more amicable sentiments on the Scots. They were anxious, as far as possible, to shed no drop of blood.

'But these sentiments of comparative forbearance were of short duration. The idea entertained by some of the most sober among them, was that they would act towards the English as the Spaniards had behaved themselves towards the Moors, conduct them out of the territory, and forbid them, on pain of death, to return. But this project implied a situation in the highest degree perilous and critical. They began with disarming the colonists, and leading them in herds out of the province. They determined at first to suffer them to carry with them such portable things of value as they might desire to remove. This produced the first disputes. The unlettered Irish were armed with offensive weapons, particularly clubs and skeins (daggers); the English were unable to resist. It was like the lion and the inferior animals. Whatever the king of beasts claimed he obtained, and even punished those who had the presumption to murmur at his demands. Violence led on to violence. The priests, in particular, whetted the fury of their lay adherents, and goaded them to ferocity against the heretics. The Irish first stripped the victims of their valuables, and then of their clothes. They hurried them along like droves of cattle. If any were weaker or more infirm than the rest, they left them to perish by the road-side. The weather soon became uncommonly severe. It is one of the characteristics of bloodshed and cruelty, that the first step is viewed even by the perpetrator with uncontrollable repugnance; but the first step leads to another and another, till the offender even revels in his own enormity.

'Nakedness—such are the prejudices of artificial society—inspires a feeling of contempt. That we can treat as we please our unarmed victims is, in some minds, a motive to inflict a cruelty and brutality that cannot be retaliated. All society is a sort of discipline that imposes chains upon the wanton impulses of many a wild and lawless spirit; and the Irish insurgents now sought vengeance for the long restraint of moral and juridical law they had suffered. It was delightful to such souls to say, "Now I can do as I please; no one will forbid; nay, my companions, and even my spiritual guides, will applaud me." Women and children were often made the preferable victims of assassination; women and children were often employed as the assassins. The imagination refuses to unfold and contemplate scenes so diabolical. Some of the unfortunate English threw themselves on the mercy of those who had once been their guests and familiars. They had reason to repent their confidence. Some fled to defensible places. They were invited to surrender under the most specious promises; and no sooner

were these promises relied on, than tortures and murder were without distinction inflicted on those who had felt prompted to trust in them. Wherever the English obstinately defended themselves in their fortresses they evinced their superiority: at Lisburne the Protestants boasted that the number they killed of the assailants amounted to three times the number of their garrison. These instances furnished a new stimulus to the ferocity of Sir Phelim and his captains. They converted such an event into a signal to assassinate prisoners whose lives had hitherto been spared, or to spread death and desolation every where among the surrounding villages. The detail of murder by the club and the dagger speedily became too tedious to satiate their thirst for destruction. Drowning appeared a more expeditious resource. At Portnardown one hundred and eighty persons were in one day goaded from a breach in the bridge into the stream, and shot at by the assailants as they rose to the surface. These executions were repeated again and again. The forced moderation which distinguished the Scots from the English was speedily laid aside. Forty thousand persons, and by some computations five times that number, are said to have perished in this undistinguishing massacre.

The king wished to proceed to Ireland in person, to suppress the rebellion; but this the Parliament refused, fearing that, if he succeeded, he would use his Irish army to overawe his English subjects: and, indeed, he did afterwards attempt to bring over 10,000 men for that purpose, and succeeded, in some degree, in recruiting his own army from Ireland; so that Sir Edward Deering, who deserted the king's party, declared as a reason, 'That, seeing so many papists and Irish rebels in the king's army, and the king's counsels wholly governed by the popish party, he could not allow himself to stay longer among them.' Mr. Godwin adduces a singular instance of the duplicity of the king, connected with this business, in the year 1643:—

'In the month of July, the king, being at Oxford, took occasion, when he was receiving the sacrament at Christ Church from the hands of Archbishop Usher, to make the following protestation. It was at this time that he was earnestly engaged in pressing the cessation of arms for the kingdom of Ireland, the operation of which was to be twofold; first, to allow the Catholics for one year free and unmolested possession of all the advantages they had obtained by the rebellion; and secondly, to bring over, first the English Protestant forces, and secondly a powerful reinforcement of Irish Catholics, to fight the battles of the king against the English parliament. But what Charles principally desired at this time was a peace with the Catholics of Ireland, one proposed condition of which was the suspension, if not the total repeal, of the penal laws against their religion. The protestation ran thus:—

"The king being to receive the sacrament, rising from his knees, and making a

sign to the archbishop for a short pause, said, 'My lord, I espy here many resolved Protestants, who may declare to the world the resolution I now make. I have, to the utmost of my power, prepared my soul to become a worthy receiver; and may I so receive comfort by the blessed sacrament, as I intend the establishment of the true reformed Protestant religion, as it stood in its beauty in the happy days of Queen Elizabeth, without any connivance at popery. I bless God that, in the midst of these public distractions, I have still liberty to communicate. And may this sacrament be my damnation, if my heart do not join with my lips in this protestation.'"

Rapin conjectures that, by popery, Charles, perhaps, did not mean the Catholic religion: this is putting a charitable construction on the king's conduct certainly, but it is not supported by evidence. We pass over the Counter-Parliament at Oxford, the attempts of Charles at negotiation, and the reformation of the universities, to come to the campaign of 1644, when the Earl of Manchester, with Cromwell for his lieutenant-general, had the command of the army in the north. Of the leaders of this army Mr. Godwin speaks in high terms:—

'It gives an additional quickness to our feelings, in the midst of these warlike proceedings, to look into the camp of the Parliamentarians, to draw back the canvass of their tents, and contemplate the soldier and the statesman, busied, as they were, in anticipating the future, in providing for all occasions, and endeavouring to place the mass of yet unformed events under the guidance of human prudence and intellect. In this camp, which was now traversing Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, and proceeding to York, we might see among others Manchester, deficient neither in the qualities of a gentleman nor the valour of a soldier, the most well-tempered and courteous of mankind, firm in purpose, yet ever gentle and conciliating in his manners; Cromwell, the future guide and oppressor of the commonwealth, daring every thing, and accomplishing whatever he dared to desire; and Vane, ever profound in thought and sagacious in purpose, desiring the true advantage and happiness of all within the sphere of his influence, and embracing, in his capacious mind, all the elements of public safety and substantial improvement. These men, now so cordially united, were in no long time to be shaken asunder, each actuated with different sentiments, each pursuing an object which the other two regarded with fixed disapprobation.'

A singular instance of a want of courtesy marked the conduct of one of the parliamentary leaders, who could least have been suspected of it. The queen was at Exeter, where she gave birth to a child on the 16th of June, 1644:—

'Essex, who had marched into the west, was at Chard, less than thirty miles from Exeter, in the end of this month; and hither the queen sent him a message, desiring from him a safe conduct to Bath or Bristol for the

recovery of her health. To which he returned for answer, that, if she pleased, he would not only give her a safe conduct, but accompany her himself, to London, where she might have the best advice and means for the recovery of her health; but for those other places he could say nothing without the direction of Parliament. It is painful to see the effect of civil broils as displayed in such instances as this; and we cannot but wonder at this style of reply from a commander so noted for good breeding and a generous disposition as Essex, in which the brutality of the thought is only exceeded by the ironical language in which it was conveyed. It is fair, however, to observe that this is a single example, many instances of courtesy and a liberal behaviour to the sex occurring on both sides in the course of the war. The queen embarked from Falmouth for France on the 14th of July, and from this time saw her husband no more.'

Mr. Godwin gives an interesting account of the disputes relating to church government, and the share taken in the contest by Milton, 'who was stimulated to undertake the discussion by the circumstance of his difference with his wife, who, at the time when the king's affairs appeared to be going on most prosperously in the former year (1643), retired to the house of her father, a royalist, and refused to return.' In the dispute, when Presbyterianism struggled for the ascendancy, and a Scottish army of 20,000 men was marching towards London, one of the Scottish divines sent upon the occasion, with great simplicity observed,—'The purpose not to meddle with a point of so high consequence till it please God to advance our army, which we expect will much assist our arguments.' From the church turn we to the field, where we have one or two anecdotes of the gallant Blake. Prince Maurice was besieging Lime, which had only a garrison of 1100 men, who made an obstinate defence:—

'The soul of that defence was Blake, a man who, on a subsequent occasion, in similar circumstances, said to his besiegers, "As we neither fear your menaces nor accept your proffers, so we wish you for time to come to desist from your overtures to us, who are resolved, to the last drop of our blood, to maintain the quarrel in which we are engaged, and doubt not but that the same God who hath hitherto protected us, will ere long bless us with an issue answerable to the justice of our cause—however that shall be, to him alone we stand or fall."

'It would, perhaps, be invidious to compare the defence Blake made for Lime with the defence made by Fiennes for Bristol, twelve months before. It is, indeed, sufficiently memorable, that Blake was numbered among the defenders of Bristol, and being trusted with a little fort on the line, he had refused to give it up after the governor had signed the articles of surrender, for which Prince Rupert threatened to hang him.'

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Essex and Manchester was not doubted, yet these noblemen, entertaining hopes that matters might be adjusted without the destruction of the monarchy, feared the king might be brought too low to negotiate. Such temporizing, however, did not suit the Parliament, and various measures for re-modelling the army and the state were proposed. Cromwell and another member spoke in favour of the old generals, and said they ought not to insist too strongly on oversights:—

‘A third member then rose, and proposed a resolution, which was supported by Vane and others, that no member of either house of Parliament should, during the war, have or execute any office or command, civil or military; and that an ordinance should be brought in for that purpose. This ordinance afterwards obtained the name of the self-denying ordinance.’

‘There were many obvious arguments in favour of this measure. It was alleged against it by Whitlocke, that among the Greeks and Romans the greatest offices, both of war and peace, were conferred upon their senators. But this statement is somewhat fallacious. In Sparta no one could be a senator (the senate consisted of only twenty-eight persons) till he had completed his sixtieth year. We may be sure, therefore, that the commanders of their armies were seldom or ever senators. In Athens and Rome the public officers were all chosen by the assemblies of the people. The cases, therefore, were by no means parallel. The Parliament at this time in existence extended its authority over every department in the state. They exercised the absolute appointment of all public officers. It was an awful responsibility that fell to their lot; and it may well be supposed that they did wisely in placing this check upon the abuse of their authorities.’

Mr. Godwin condemns the severity of the Parliament in the execution of the Archbishop Laud, who, he says, fell a victim to the Scots, the Presbyterians, and to the resentment of Prynne, who had formerly been the subject of his barbarity. His character is thus drawn:—

‘Laud had been in prison from the commencement of the Long Parliament; but for a considerable time he had seemed to be overlooked. Of humble birth, and raised by a variety of incidental circumstances, as a man whose principles, both in church and state, marvelously suited the king and his then principal advisers, to the dignity he enjoyed, he was no sooner thrown down from a high station than he ceased to be of any public significance. The church, at the head of which he had presided for more than seven years, was overturned, and he was buried and overwhelmed in its ruins. At the time at which we are arrived he was more than seventy-one years of age; and imprisonment and adversity seem to have made great ravages in his constitution. The spectacle of all this ought to have disarmed his enemies, and induced them to dismiss him to obscurity and contempt.’

‘Laud certainly speaks of himself, and

probably with much sincerity, as a good man and a martyr. Such he thought himself. He was a patron of the most minute and imposing formalities and processions; and we should show ourselves very slender observers of human nature, if we supposed that the most mortified and saintly character did not feel some flutterings and swellings of the heart, when he himself formed the central figure of such a scene. He was a man of narrow prejudices and great bigotry. He had certainly no sympathies for those who, for alleged offences against God or the king, fell under his animadversion. The spectacle of his pulling off his cap in open court, and giving God thanks, when sentence was pronounced in the star-chamber against Leighton, professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, for a libel, that he should be publicly whipped, stand in the pillory, and there be branded, have his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and afterwards be imprisoned for life [Leighton was at this time between fifty and sixty years of age, and was father of the archbishop of that name], is an instructive example of what horrible perversity may be committed by one who holds himself to be a good man. Laud was now, as we have said, sunk into utter insignificance; but, in the period of his prosperity, he was a formidable instrument and adviser for a prince aspiring to be a tyrant.’

Of Montrose, an important personage in the events of these times, Mr. G. says,—

‘Montrose had a genius singularly accommodated for the scene in which he was now to figure. He was capable of enduring every hardship, and nothing could subdue the ardour and elevation of his spirit. He had the talent of inspiring his own feelings into the souls of his followers; and, accordingly, the marches he performed during the twelve following months were rapid, and were unintermitted; and he conquered difficulties under which any other man would have sunk, and that were such that, even when he had surmounted them, other men could with difficulty believe the tale.’

Of his cruelties several instances are related; first, at Aberdeen:—

‘Here for four days the city was made a prey to the most unrelenting barbarity. Montrose, forgetful of the cruelties he had practised against the inhabitants, when he had come thither as a leader for the Covenanters, five years before, now renewed the same calamities, while he was contending for the cause in which they had then suffered. The men were murdered in cold blood, the women violated, and the provident Irish stripped their victims before they assassinated them, that their clothes might not be disfigured with their blood. It was fatal for a woman to be seen weeping for her father or her husband slain, and, if observed, she was instantly killed upon the dead body of the relative she deplored.’

Again, in Argyleshire:—

‘Seven entire weeks, beginning from the 13th of December, did Montrose spend in the work of devastation. Every thing was accomplished that the sanguinary genius of

the Irish, the animosities of the Highlanders, and the fervour of his own resentments, could effect. The cattle were driven away or destroyed; the villages and the granaries were wasted with fire; and all who were capable of bearing arms were put to the sword without mercy. Having accomplished his vengeance, Montrose returned unopposed towards Lochaber. He ever after was accustomed to boast, that he had never experienced the providence and goodness of God in a more remarkable manner than on this occasion.’

Our last extract is an interesting anecdote of Fairfax at the battle of Naseby, where Charles behaved gallantly:—

‘At length the whole of Charles’s main battle gave way, except one body of foot, which stood like a rock, and could not be moved. Fairfax, perceiving this, ordered his life-guard, which had attacked them before, to repeat the assault, while he himself, with his own regiment, should at the same instant fall on their rear, so that they might meet in the middle. This expedient succeeded. Fairfax killed the ensign and seized his colours; and one of his soldiers, having taken the flag, boasted of the great service he had performed. His colonel reproved him, and reminded him how many witnesses had seen that it was done by the general himself; but Fairfax replied, “Let him retain that honour, I have enough beside.” The same colonel, seeing the general in the thickest of the fight without his helmet, offered his own, but Fairfax refused it. At length, when the infantry of the king’s army was wholly defeated, Charles having still a body of horse entire, endeavoured to lead them again to the attack, exclaiming, “One charge more, and we recover the day.” But the disadvantage they laboured under was too evident; and they could by no means be induced to renew the combat.’

We have nearly reached the conclusion of Mr. Godwin’s first volume, which terminates with the king’s wintering at Oxford. The ability with which he has developed the causes of this revolution, and the clear and succinct narrative of the events which occurred, will place him in the first rank as an historian, and make the public very eager for the succeeding volumes of his valuable work. That his politics are strongly bordering on republicanism he readily avows; but when they have neither obscured his reason, biased his judgment, or led him to conceal or pervert a single fact—and we confidently feel they have not—they cannot be deemed objectionable, or in any way lessening the value or fidelity of his history.

Sayings and Doings: a Series of Sketches from Life. By THEODORE E. HOOK, Esq. (Concluded from p. 152.)

THE analysis we gave in our last number of two of the four tales, which constitute the *Sayings and Doings* of Mr. Theodore Hook, would enable our readers to appreciate his talents in managing a story, if his dramatic efforts had not previously conveyed to them

this knowledge. It is, however, in the drawing of his characters that this author excels, and although they sometimes approach to caricature, there is a reality and a freshness about them, which has all the appearance of their being from the life; but he is rather unfortunate in the choice of his names: the Burtons, the Danverses, the Mertons, the Fitzpatricks, and the Hardings, have all long been common to novel-writers, and should have been spurned by the author of *Sayings and Doings*; nor is there any point or novelty in calling a school-master Mr. Birch, or a school-mistress Mrs. Tickle; nor is *Humbug* a very choice family name.

It is in the selection of names that Sir Walter Scott is so strikingly happy, and every one who reads his works feels that there is really something in a name;—but to our third tale,—*The Friend of the Family*.—This friend of the family is a Mr. Amos Ford, attorney at law, and as great a scoundrel as ever charged six shillings and eightpence; who, after committing a thousand rascalities for which he deserved to be hung, sneaks to his grave, *a felo de se*, after writing a letter to Lord Belmont acknowledging that he 'had vilified, traduced, and calumniated the best of women,' 'misrepresented the best of sons,' and defrauded his lordship of rents, and the interest of funded property,—all for the sake of a daughter who elopes with a strolling player. It does not seem remorse caused him to commit the dreadful act, but disappointment and revenge on his daughter; and he leaves his property to Lord Belmont, not by way of restitution, but to punish her undutifulness. We shall not give more of the story of this tale, but, leaving our readers to do that office for themselves, select a few descriptive passages, which will illustrate the author's taste, intelligence, and knowledge of the world.—There are few persons who have not experienced the truth of the following:—

'Every body knows what an uncomfortable half-hour that is, in England, which precedes dinner, the ladies ranged in a semi-circle, all looking so fresh and so nice and so cold, talking, *sotto voce*, either of the weather, or the last 'very dreadful accident' which has been put forth in the newspapers—the men grouped in various parts of the room, eyeing each other as if to ascertain the *calibre* of each other's intellect by the quality of a coat or the tying-on of a neckcloth, or rather as if wishing to prove how extremely insolent they *could be* to each other, should the exigency of the case require it.

'If this be tormenting in winter, when the fire-side breaks a little of the formality, and the moderated light mellows the tints, softens the expressions of countenances, and renders personal imperfections or *mauvaise honte* less conspicuous, what is it when a great blazing July sun glares in at the windows, broiling one with heat, exposing every defect, and making one's very shoes look brown, and when one is removed (without being relieved) from the drawing-room to the dinner-parlour, and placed at table with the same great staring sun directly opposite

to one's face, between a woman whom one does not know, and a man whom one does not wish to know?'

A strolling player forms no bad subject in the hands of the author. Ford and his daughter were greatly opposed to stage plays, although the daughter marries the man she at first persecutes. The player endeavours to obtain the patronage of Edward Bramley, the son of Lord Belmont, to whom he relates the opposition he has had to overcome:—

"Indeed, sir," said Edward, "I was not aware that any serious opposition was likely to be offered to the performances: is it on the part of the rector, or—?"

"Oh dear, no, sir, by no manner of means," said the manager, "we find nothing but 'liberal opinions' from 'the lord of the manor' downwards; it is only the 'Village Lawyer,' sir, and his 'Child of Nature,' who have caused the very 'Devil to Pay' amongst us. They have endeavoured to cut us out of our best hits, and shut up our shop; nay, sir, they threaten us with the stocks in *this* world, and something worse in the next, if we persist in our 'abominations.'

"What, is Mr Ford so extremely violent in his dislike of your proceedings?"

"You've hit him, sir, you've hit him—as Shakspeare says, 'I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.' It is he, sir, or rather his virgin daughter, who loathes and detests our profession. 'Vagabond' is the term she applies to us, for the same reason that the world calls her father 'gentleman,' *id est*, because the law allows, and custom sanctions; it—it is *she*, and a pious painter and glazier, now a preacher, who level all their artillery against us."

"I had no conception of the strength of her zeal," said Edward, little knowing what he said, and caring still less.

"Her zeal is stupendous, sir, like the quaker body who went forty miles to persuade a boxer not to fight. What has this young lady done? Finding that force cannot stop us, she has actually sent for me to go to her house this evening after tea, to dissuade me from acting, upon the mere score of its irreligion and immorality. She is to be aided by her reverend glazier, who (you'll forgive the quibble, sir,) is, indeed, a very pains-taking man."

"Miss Ford undertake to lecture you, sir?"

"By my faith, 'tis true, my lord; it is quite extraordinary what your female partisan, political or religious, will undertake when once she starts. I, sir,—I, who have seen the world, for 'all the world's a stage,' as the incomparable Billy says,—I, sir, have 'hovered about the enemy, and marked the road they took,'—Douglas—There, sir—forgive the conceit, I am at home. This miracle of morality has been beating up for recruits to a remonstrance, and is in actual fever, lest the fat gentleman in the flaxen, who lives at the lord's house in the park yonder, should arrive, as he is expected hourly to do, whose powerful influence in our support she fears will undermine all her efforts at my conversion."

"It seems a curious speculation, sir, to attempt your conversion."

"Convart, sir," said the player, *parvart*, you mean, as Scrub says; but there is nothing in it of difficulty. I am as easily moulded as putty, take an impression like wax, and having led a Protean life from my youth upwards, put off my manners with my habits. My adventures are not uninteresting, sir. I was originally bred to the bar."

"The bar, sir?"

"Yes, sir, of my father's most respectable tap in the Whitechapel Road; but I had a soul above 'pewter-pots,' and having lent an ear 'to the king of clubs,' as I always called Mr. Biddle (from the sovereign sway he held over our convivial assemblies), I entered the press-gang."

"I confess, sir, I do not understand —"

"The literary line, sir: I became a doer of small paragraphs for morning newspapers, and, having received a liberal education, *id est*, at the charity-school of my native parish, undertook to collect intelligence, and *make* accidents, in both of which pursuits I succeeded wonderfully. All the extraordinary escapes of persons out of two-pair-of-stairs-windows at fires—all the miraculous preservasions of young ladies from drowning upon water-parties—boiling of bees to make them frisky, and catching pike with repeating watches in their stomachs going as if nothing had happened to them—pigs eating up little children in Ireland, and sea-serpents in America one hundred and forty-five feet six inches long!—These, sir, these were the fruits of this prolific brain; but it would not do—I was poorly paid and over-worked. I had but one penny per line for casualties, and one and nine-pence a piece for critiques. I was at that time, sir, obliged to burn a whole village or inundate a province for eleven-pence three farthings, till at last, sir, I was introduced to an actor, at once a credit to the profession and an ornament to human nature.

"I was seized with a Rosciomania, and my poor father, who had long lived upon his ale, being at length stretched upon his *bier*, (you will pardon the apparent inappropriateness of the jest,) I turned to the Thespian art with all the ardour of youth, and went to it like a 'French falconer.'"

"Indeed, sir," said Edward, looking at his watch;—anxiously waiting the appearance of the carriage.

"And then," said the player—

"He drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack lustre eye
Says very wisely—it is ten o'clock."

"I play tragedy, I flatter myself, not much worse than Kemble; in comedy I am (without being one of the '*servum pecus*') said to be on a par with Munden; in light airy parts, Jones is jealous of me; and when I played Looney Mactwoler, Johnstone left the stage. I'm not vain, sir, but still with all my talents I didn't hit: envy, sir, that Gorgon which alike keeps down authors and actors, drove me

from the stage well as a 'writes him' "Perfect received his five-court same effect were given ed at him a

"Drive and party, what I had an entertain a hit, and n pigs, firew on my head ter plate— dinner-table that ever w sir. First ford, in Su —Serjeant gothic-hou the inn—r opened—s and two pay for c wore a hat worse an and once

"Ah pardon, si I can nei present."

"Merto be notice all its van so far at have a h wife dish ney-moo and mist to recor the inter and ther ter whic smart hi have on cal rebu and gen costume

"The more re leading is kindn our infen ce b and tha in, betw the dri such an the vic few ca ages a honou the w beian apply low-w place our n stage-way,

from the stage. Kemble was an actor as well as a manager—you understand? 'writes himself,' as the joke goes."

"Perfectly, sir," said Edward, who received his conversation as the wall of a five-court takes a ball, and with much the same effect, for the more sharply the words were given in, the quicker they were played at him again.

"Driven from the stage by prejudice and party, (the Tories hated me, sir, for what I had done anonymously,) I started an entertainment of my own; thought it a hit, and no copy. I could imitate ducks, pigs, fireworks, and wheelbarrows—stand on my head—dance a hornpipe on a pewter plate—leap over fifteen chairs and a dinner-table, and sing all the comic songs that ever were written: it would not do, sir. First night of performance at Guildford, in Surrey,—long room, White Hart,—Serjeant Onslow in the church-yard; gothic-house with pretty maids opposite the inn—roasted loin of pork for dinner—opened—seventeen people full grown, and two little girls under age. Did not pay for candles. Tried at Petersfield—wore a hat like the mayor; '*semper eadem*,' worse and worse;—cut the connection, and once more embarked as you see."

"Ah!" said Edward, "I beg your pardon, sir, but here's my carriage, and I can neither see nor hear any more at present."

'Merton,' the only tale which remains to be noticed, is one of real misfortune, in all its various shapes, without mitigation, so far at least as relates to the hero. We have a husband quitting his wife, and that wife dishonouring her husband in the honeymoon, and a hundred other crimes and misfortunes, which we have not room to record. It is, however, a tale in which the interest is well sustained throughout; and there are several sketches of character which are to the life, and not a few smart hits at prevailing follies; but we have only room for one: it is a satirical rebuke against our young noblemen and gentry aping the manners and the costume of stage-coachmen:—

'There is nothing more absurd, nothing more repulsive, than false pride; and the leading characteristic of a truly noble mind is kindness towards, and consideration for our inferiors. But surely there is a difference between this sort of consideration, and that kind of intimacy now indulged in, between men of rank and fashion and the drivers of stage-coaches. It is true, such are the extravagances of youth, and the vicissitudes of human life, that in no few cases the drivers of our public carriages are honourably born, and have filled honourable stations. To these (who by the way are less noticed than their plebeian brethren) my observation does not apply; I merely allude to the "hail-fellow-well-met" intercourse which takes place between the younger branches of our nobility and gentry, and the regular stage-coachmen upon our roads. In his way, the stage-coachman is as honest and

as worthy as his betters, but only *in his way*, and not in the character of an associate, or in the qualities of a companion.

'In America, indeed, where colonels drive stages, and judges keep ale-houses, these distinctions might seem offensive and absurd; but for Englishmen, who esteem the blessings of our constitution, and value our national establishments, it may be worth while to consider whether the gratification arising from the casual indulgence of a depraved taste for vulgarity, is adequate in its advantages to the mischief likely to arise from a system of setting at defiance the usages of English society, and knocking down those barriers which the wisdom and judgment of our forefathers have placed between the servant and the master, the hireling and his lord, and—between the stage-coachman and his passengers.'

We shall not continue our extracts further; we have, as Peter Moore observes, 'said enough' to convince our readers that Sayings and Doings is a work of more than ordinary merit, combining admirable portraits of human character, with tales of real or fictitious life (for we care not which), and, barring a few political peculiarities, much to be approved of, and little to be censured.

The Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. With a Critical Dissertation on the Tales of the Author. By JOHN GALT, Esq. 18mo. pp. 672. London, 1824.

THIS is a remarkably cheap and elegant reprint of the works of a favourite author, enriched with an able critical dissertation by a gentleman who justly appreciates their merits. The volume contains not only the novels of *The Man of Feeling*, *The Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigné*, but the beautiful tales of *La Roche*, *Nancy Collins*, *Louisa Venoni*, *Albert Bane*, *Sophia M.*, and *Father Nicholas*, comprising the whole of the works of fiction by this admired author—an author of whom we perfectly agree with Mr. Galt in admiring 'the elegance of his genius, and the beautiful purity of his ideas, combined with the attractions of a style at once simple and refined;' and we agree, also, with the critic as to the purity of thought and the engaging simplicity of expression which distinguish the works of this admired author. With Mackenzie, the sentimental novel seems to have reached perfection, and authors, fearing to follow under such disadvantages, have struck out a new path: Mackenzie, however, continues popular, although 'his tales belong to the taste of an age that has gone by.' Mr. Galt, in his dissertation, after noticing, in general terms, the productions of this author, gives a brief but well-written critique on each tale. We quote a few passages from his estimate of Mackenzie's works:—

'His characters are, it is true, drawn from the universal features of mankind, and his incidents are all within the circumscribed probabilities of ordinary life; but the manners and circumstances of the last age

are so intimately interwoven with the details, that the historical merit of his delineations is perhaps even greater than their philosophical truth. Indeed, as historical sketches, his works possess a very high and rare value. They are, without question, the finest of their kind in the English school of sentimental writing; and those very peculiarities of fashion to which we have alluded must enhance their interest with the critics of posterity. Mr. Mackenzie is, in fact, the Sir Joshua Reynolds of his walk in literature. Whatever was graceful, or fair, or elegant in his subject, has been delineated with singular felicity, and the costume of the time preserved with a degree of fidelity approaching almost to reverence even for its faults. But perhaps the strong lineaments of individual portraiture have been sometimes lost in the attainment of ideal beauty, and the energy of action concealed in a drapery of generalities. Still the whole effect is delightful, and this fault, if fault it be, is merely academical. It is characteristic of the period, rather than of the genius of the author, and belongs more to his view of the subject than to the powers which governed his pencil.

'It would afford a curious topic to the historian of manners, to investigate the sources of that remarkable suavity which, pervading the opinions and feelings and manners of the gentry of this country, during the first thirty years of the late reign, superseded the more spirited gallantry and gayer humour of a long preceding period, and ultimately disappeared in the eager controversies to which subsequent political events gave rise. But, from whatever causes it may have sprung, there can be no doubt that it influenced and modified the literature of that period, as much as it affected the reciprocities of social life; and we may trace it in the classical dignity of the Johnsonian school, as well as in the guarded simplicity of Mr. Mackenzie. Nothing was then hazarded; authorities were consulted, not only for examples to ascertain how men felt and acted, but it was almost assumed as a maxim, that books alone contained the true principles by which men ought to be represented in writing, as acting and feeling. The thornless criticism of Blair affords an elegant specimen of the well-bred temper of the literary spirit of that period, and no small degree of lustre is reflected on his contemporary, the author of *The Man of Feeling*, by the consideration, that, although educated to revere propriety of taste almost as highly as original talent, he should yet have had the boldness to select for his experiment the description and development of sentiments so nearly allied to natural passion, as to be deemed either the effects of its morbid excess or weakness—topics which, from the days of Pope and Chesterfield, were equally banished from literature and manners. Before his time the French had undoubtedly given splendid specimens of the sentimental tale, but the purity of Mr. Mackenzie's conceptions place his works in a different class from theirs, and we think in one so much higher as almost to rank with that of ethics.

'In the French romances there is a nudity in the delineations of love at which the modest habits of this country would have revolted; and there is also an unchaste freedom in many of their incidents, and a degree of sensuality often in the allusions, which could only afford unmingled satisfaction in the voluptuous boudoirs and scented saloons of Paris. Julia de Roubigné, compared with the *Nouvelle Eloise*, is a perfect example of the difference to which we are adverted. With Mr. Mackenzie love assumes the form of benevolence, and breathes kindness and sensibility, and all those softer effusions of affection which belong to the intellectual associations of the passion; but to these Rousseau has added an exposure of those stronger aspirations of desire which constitute the basis of its animal instinct. Intelligent parents will regard the tales of Mr. Mackenzie as calculated to refine and elevate the youthful heart; but who would place the romance of Rousseau in a daughter's hand.'

A singular anecdote, connected with the history of *The Man of Feeling*, is related by Mr. Galt, in his critical dissertation:—

'When the work first appeared, the name of the author was unknown; but every body felt from the perusal, that he must be one of the most amiable of men: such, indeed, was the interest which it had excited in his favour, especially among the ladies, that a Mr. Eccles, influenced by some unaccountable vanity, actually attempted to usurp the honour of having written it; and, with this view, took the trouble to transcribe the whole work, and even to mark his manuscript with erasures and interlineations, so as to give it the appearance of being the copy which had received the author's last improvements. This singular performance was, on the death of Mr. Eccles, found among his papers; and for some time it produced the effect he intended.'

This Mr. Eccles—the Rev. Charles Eccles, for he was a beneficed clergyman,—was rector of Birts Morton, Worcestershire, and was drowned in humbly attempting to rescue a young man who had gone beyond his depth, while bathing in the river Avon.

Mr. Galt gives the preference to Julia de Roubigné as the most beautiful and affecting of Mr. Mackenzie's works; that it is the most affecting is unquestionable, and it may peer with any of his tales in beauty; it is, however, too sad a tale for our taste. Popular as the works of Mackenzie deservedly are, the neatness and moderate price of this edition, enriched with the dissertation of Mr. Galt, is likely to give them a new impulse. We ought to add that this edition is uniform with Goldsmith's works and the *Letters of Junius*, by Atticus Secundus, both of which have been noticed in *The Literary Chronicle*, that it is well printed, and is embellished with two elegant copper-plate engravings from original designs.

An Account of the Organization, Administration, and present State of the Military Colonies in Russia. By ROBERT LYALL, M. D. 8vo. pp. 55. London, 1824.

The Character of the Russians, with a detailed History of Moscow. 4to. London, 1824.

In noticing, some few weeks ago, Dr. Lyall's bulky and interesting volume on Russia, we adverted to the political power of that country, quoted the opinion of a gentleman who has much to say on the subject, and promised again to turn to it. Since then we have received a second work by Dr. Lyall, on the Military Colonies of Russia, with two polite letters from that gentleman, which cannot properly be noticed in our critical court of equity. Ever since Sir Robert Wilson published his extravaganzas on Russia, there has been a set of dreaming politicians who have continually been sounding an alarm as to the danger to be apprehended from the colossal power of this rude but extensive empire.

Formerly, political coalitions, like military tactics, were formed on an undeviating rule, so precise as to be extremely ridiculous. A general would never think of capturing a strong fortress until he had honoured it with a siege of a certain number of days, weeks, and months, and armies approached each other in a field of battle with as much precision as if the adverse columns were walking a minuet. The various states of Europe formed two parties, and in order to maintain what was called the balance of power, changed sides as often as ever they deemed it convenient; the dimensions and population of the several states were accurately calculated, and the equilibrium adjusted with mathematical correctness. Even so late as 1813, a political writer (well known to us) published a small volume, entitled a *Plan for Establishing the Balance of Power in Europe*, with a coloured map, in which the countries that should be arranged on opposite sides were distinguished in colours of red and yellow; and so pleased was the Emperor of Russia, who is charged with a design of dictating to, or domineering over, all Europe, and to whom the work was dedicated, that he rewarded the author with a present of a hundred guineas.

The events of the last thirty years have, however, quite overturned all the theories about the balance of power. Where was the balance of Europe when France overrun the whole continent of Europe, stretching her arms from the pillars of Hercules to the walls of Moscow? Where, again, was the balance of power when Great Britain, single handed, maintained a long, glorious, and successful contest against nearly the whole of Europe? But,—to come more immediately to the subject before us, which, however, we shall dismiss very briefly,—

It would be idle to deny that Russia has rapidly advanced as a political power, and

that she possesses great physical force; but we deny that she is at all to be dreaded. The partition of Poland, though one of the most iniquitous acts that states ever perpetrated or allowed, has rendered that country rather a barrier than a stepping stone to further inroad in Europe; and, indeed, the least attempt to encroach further on that side would rouse the jealousy of Austria, Saxony, and Prussia, as well as the lesser states of Germany, while the Poles might easily enough be rendered subservient to resistance. Had Bonaparte, who treated them with so much duplicity, erected Poland into an independent kingdom, he might have calculated on twenty millions of allies, who would have checked any incursion of Russia.

But we shall be told that the designs of Russia are not on the south, but on the east,—that she aims at European Turkey; this we readily believe, and yet, if she dared to attempt this in the face of all Europe, she never had a better opportunity than offered itself two or three years ago, when she might have had the Greeks as auxiliaries. They are now formidable enough of themselves to give Russia some trouble, and, if we may judge by the sorry figure Russia cut in her former wars with Turkey, she would not find the conquest of that power so very easy a matter. Ono, says another politician, it is the East Indies that Russia aims at;—a gigantic project certainly, and, without resting much on the jealousy of Persia and the difficulty of marching an army of any force from the Wolga to the Ganges, we may observe that a force of 400,000 men (and such we believe to be the extent of our armies in India, British and native) is not so easily overthrown, as to give much hope of success.

Russia, we have already said, is a formidable power, when acting on the defensive; but she has neither the money, nor have her subjects the disposition, to engage in distant projects, the issue of which must be at least doubtful, and the means of carrying on which must impoverish the nobles, who are a rather ticklish body to offend.

Dr. Lyall, though deeply impressed with 'the imposing and overawing attitude which Russia has lately assumed, her apparent wish to usurp universal dictatorship, and the present momentous state of affairs,' does not feel so much alarmed as many of our contemporaries; on the contrary, he contends that she is neither inaccessible nor unattackable; indeed, Bonaparte proved this, and yet we think Russia nearly invulnerable, except in her naval and commercial power. Much stress is laid on the military colonies recently formed in Russia, for the following objects:—

'1. The increase of the native population in certain districts by the transfer and fixture to them of part of the existing regular troops, and even of peasantry when requisite, and of course by the progeny of

both. 2. and civil greatest pa to the crow immense a ture in the the whole of war.'

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both. 2. The extension of knowledge and civilization. 3. The saving of the greatest part of the pay of the whole army to the crown. 4. The organization of an immense army to be employed in agriculture in time of peace, and to form nearly the whole land force of the empire in time of war.

The establishment of these colonies was almost a necessary consequence of the late war, when more troops were raised than Russia could possibly maintain without pecuniary aid, either in peace or war. The system of colonization will be understood, by the course adopted, with a single argument:—

“The emperor issues a ukáz, in which are indicated the crown villages which are to become military colonies. In the villages so designated (which are inhabited by crown-peasants, and consequently are at the emperor's disposal), the name, age, property, and family of each householder are registered: those who are above fifty years old are chosen to form what is called the Master Colonists.

“Houses are built for them in lieu of those they inhabited, forming a street or streets of cottages similar to one another, each separated from the neighbouring cottage by a court-yard; and each master colonist receives fifteen deciatins, about forty English acres, with this condition annexed,—that he is to support a soldier, his family, if he has one, and his horse, if cavalry are colonized in the village; receiving the benefit of the soldier's assistance in the cultivation of the land and other duties of husbandry, when he is not engaged in his military duties.”—In seed-time and harvest-time, it is understood that the soldiers are to be little exercised, in order to leave them free for the labours of the field. As the most of the present agriculturist soldiers have formed part of the regular army, the master colonists need scarcely expect much assistance from their exertions. When a new progeny shall have taken their places, who have been trained from their youth to agriculture and to arms, perhaps the dissimilar union may become more assimilated.

The agriculturist soldier, who shares the table and assists the labours of the master colonist, serves for twenty-five years, or, if a Pole, twenty years, when he may retire. The children are born soldiers, and trained up as such. The number of forces thus colonized amount only to about eighty thousand men, and the measure is very unpopular; in some places it has even been enforced at the point of the bayonet:—

Tchuguef, a town which is said to contain about nine thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the distance of twenty-two miles from Kharkof, was founded in the reign of the Tsar Ivan Vassiliévitch, and was afterwards considered as the bulwark of defence, against the attacks of the Tartars in this quarter. Subsequently it became the head-quarters of a regiment of Kozáks, which bore its name. It was determined

to establish military colonies in Tchuguef, and this intelligence reached its inhabitants, who, being chiefly descendants of the *Kosáks and Little Russians*, had more independent ideas than the generality of the Russians. They made great preparations for defence, and even offered violent resistance to the troops sent to colonize them. Being at length overawed by the presence of forces, against which it would have been madness to contend, the town being surrounded by cannon, with the deepest reluctance they yielded to their destiny.

“The strong arm of power soon repressed these angry demonstrations of feeling.”—The severe punishment inflicted on some who were deemed the ringleaders, terrified the peasants into submission; but the spirit of revolt, though suppressed, is not extinguished.

This measure, which we look upon as of the most questionable and dangerous policy, is, we are convinced, more intended for defence than any thing else; and Dr. Lyall well observes that it was very inconvenient to march troops from one extremity of Russia to the other:—

“Besides, the parting of the draughted man is almost looked upon as an eternal separation, a moral death: and well it may, if he has to travel some thousand miles from his home, with the prospect of twenty-five years' service before he returns; not to speak of the contingencies of war.”

The children who are *born soldiers* are trained—that is, the boys—up to a military life, but are educated,—a circumstance calculated to overturn the system, could it be carried into effect; but there are other dangers very clearly stated by Dr. Lyall, who thinks it more dangerous to Russia herself than to foreign states, though he is of opinion that, under an ambitious sovereign, ‘it might operate the subversion of all the established dynasties of Europe.’ We have no fears of this—Russia is formidable only at home; but let us hear Dr. Lyall on the subject:—

“Among other sources of opposition to the scheme, its general unpopularity is likely, very soon, to give it a death-blow. It is held in utter abhorrence by the peasantry:—it is detested by the regular army to such an extent, that the government is obliged to give the officers a higher degree of rank and additional pay, in order to induce them to attach themselves to colonized regiments; and it is highly disapproved of by all classes of the nobility. Indeed, so firm and so steady has been this general opposition, that I am surprised that even the despotic sway of the emperor, encouraged and aided by the persevering energy and the irrevocable determination of Count Araktcheef to carry on his plans, has not already given way.

“The nobles regard the plan, and apparently with much justice, as highly dangerous to the empire. For, suppose a popular leader, especially in the south of

Russia, should differ with the government, or with his sovereign, after a few thousand men were first taught to obey him, and afterwards obeyed him through attachment, what might not be effectuate?”

What indeed! The case is here very clearly stated, and Dr. Lyall's account of these colonies, evidently derived from authentic sources, is valuable, and his remarks judicious; and we fully agree with him, that the most probable result of the system will be the overthrow (or perhaps rather the partition) of the Russian empire.

A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq., M. P.
By JOSEPH PECCHIO. 8vo. pp. 32. London. 1821.

M. PECCHIO is an Italian refugee, who recently published a work on the Spanish and Portuguese revolutions, of which we spoke favourably. The small tract now before us relates to the Austrian sway in Italy—a domination which is, we doubt not, deservedly treated with the utmost severity by Count Pecchio, as overturning not only the political but the literary and scientific institutions of the country. M. Pecchio even charges the court of Austria with levying contributions for her own government, and says that, out of an annual revenue of eighty-eight millions of francs, twenty millions, at least, are sent every year to the treasury of Vienna. The liberty of the press is described as ‘fettered by an inexorable censorship, and the expression of opinion is prevented by an unceasingly vigilant police;—a police that is, in fact, like ‘a horrid demon gifted with ubiquity,’ and noting down the actions, the looks, the words of every one;—in short, he describes the Austrian government as an epitome of every thing bad, and yet the slaves tamely submit to it. An exile may perhaps speak warmly on the subject, but we fear he is not far from the truth, and his work will be read with interest. Speaking of the press, he says:—

“Nothing can be introduced, nothing can be published, not even the advertisement for a lost dog, without previous license, and sometimes not without a double and triple censorship. Not only sentiments, but even words, are subject to proscription. No author can employ in his writings the words *constitution, country, liberty, independence, liberality*, without incurring the anger of those inquisitors. In a work of the unfortunate Signor Pellico, who was three years incarcerated in the prison of Spielberg, this phrase was cancelled, “*the laudable desire of popularity.*” The Austrian government, after having permitted some individuals to establish, at their own expense, Lancasterian schools in Mantova, Brescia, and Milan, suddenly, and without the least motive or even pretence whatever, caused them to be closed by a commissary of police, and the young students to be turned out, amidst the tears of their parents. The Austrian government insisted that the Lancasterian schools of Piedmont should share the same fate, alleging as a reason that *they taught the rights of man.*”

Sincerity: A Tale. By the author of *Rachel*, &c. 12mo. pp. 176. London, 1824. 'O SINCERITY, thou first of virtues' said Shakspeare, or some other person; and although we cannot say 'O Sincerity, thou first of novels,' yet we can confidently recommend it as a very pleasing moral tale, calculated to improve and inform the mind of the young, as well as to gratify 'children of a larger growth.'

A Dictionary of Latin Phrases, comprehending a methodical Digest of the various Phrases from the best Authors, which have been collected from all the Phraseological Works hitherto published, for the more speedy Progress of Students in Latin Composition. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A. M. of Cambridge. A new Edition, with considerable Additions, Alterations, and Corrections. 8vo. pp. 1023. London, 1824.

WE have transcribed the whole of this copious title-page, because it is a complete description of the work. Robertson's *Latin Phrase Book* was originally a very popular elementary work, notwithstanding its confused arrangement and antiquated English phraseology; but it was the only work of the sort that swallowed up all previous publications on the subject. If the work in its 'first estate' was a favourite elementary treatise at our schools; it can have nothing to fear in its renovated form, where its barbarisms in Latin and English have been expunged, and some thousand phrases, drawn from the purest sources, have been added. But, as we cannot afford room for much observation on a school-book, though adapted to all classes, we shall merely observe that Robinson's *Dictionary of Latin Phrases* is an excellent key to Latin composition.

ORIGINAL.

THE SUBLIME ART AND MYSTERY OF CARVING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—You will, doubtlessly, remember my friend Plod, whom I have once or twice mentioned, in my former correspondence, as a person at whose table I was always a welcome guest, and where, I may now say, I had flattered myself that I had become somewhat of a proficient at carving; but how mistaken we often are as to our qualifications, for the other day, while waiting at Plod's for the expected dinner, which by some means was *put back* an hour, by way of amusing myself, I took up a certain greasy-looking well-thumbed book, which turned out to be Mrs. Plod's copy of good Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*,—rather an ancient one, but nevertheless, in her estimation, the most valuable book in the house; except, indeed, Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, which, I believe,

shares in that estimation. The book opened—as many books are known to do at a favourite passage,—at 'Necessary Directions, whereby the reader may easily attain the useful art of Carving.' I thought I could not do better than snatch a lesson in this *elegant art*, and therefore began to read; but I was much surprised, as you shall hear.

I had ignorantly imagined that the words 'cut up' would apply to all sorts of carving; but Mrs. Glasse knew a trick worth two of that, and the only thing, in these 'necessary directions,' which she orders to be cut up is a turkey. To be sure, she adds, in a note, that a bustard, or capon, is cut up in the same manner. I will spare you and your readers all the minute particulars,—such as, 'raise the leg, open the joint, but be sure not to take off the leg,'—and proceed to the next bird named, a goose. Now, sir, if any body had asked me if I could *rear* a goose, I should at once have said no; for, being a cockney, I could have had no practice in the art of hatching and rearing poultry, and should be more likely to do it by *steam*, like the man in Lamb's Conduit Street, than any other way. I dare say some of your readers will be surprised, as I was, when they are told that, according to Mrs. Glasse, when you carve a goose, you are said to *rear* it!

Then I came to mallard, or duck, and truly they were to be neither cut up nor reared, but *unbraced*. One might comprehend, as braces are fashionable, what was meant by unbracing a dandy; but 'to unbrace a duck' read very queerly to me, I assure you.

Then, sir, a rabbit or hare was to be served as a lady serves her stays or boots at night, for the direction ran thus,—'To *unlace* a rabbit.' The next to this was—'To *wing* a partridge or quail;' but the following one was the drollest of all: we have heard of allaying hunger and thirst, and many other unpleasant matters; but this direction is—'To *allay* a pheasant or teal!' The next in succession sounds properly enough, being—'To *dismember* a heron—not meaning, of course, *Heron, the member*. Then comes 'To *thigh* a woodcock;' and this is followed by a crane, which, of all the strange terms for carving ever invented, is ordered to be *displayed*. Doubtlessly your fine carvers would like to reserve themselves for this *displaying*, but the mischief of it is that cranes, except about our wharfs, are too scarce to afford a chance for such a thing.

These admirable directions conclude, by way of giving carvers a final *lift*,

with the following, which I will give entire, that Mrs. Glasse may speak for herself, and that citizens, when next they go swan-hopping, if they should choose to taste one of the river beauties, may know how to proceed. I have only to add that I do not at all know what the word *chaldron* means, except it be thirty-six bushels of Wall's End coals:—

'To *lift* a swan.

'Slit it fairly down the middle of the breast, *clean* through the back, from the neck to the rump; divide it in two parts, neither breaking nor tearing the flesh; then lay the halves in a *charger* (not a horse, gentle reader), the slit sides downwards; throw salt upon it, and set it *again* on the table. The sauce must be *chaldron*, served up in saucers.' I am, &c.

CROCKERY, JUN.

CHINESE DIVORCES.

IT is pretty certain, from observation, that where divorces are easily obtained, the state of moral virtue is very low, and the duties and obligations of relative life but little understood. There may, however, be an extreme in this as well as in other things: it may be made too difficult; and the consequences to virtue and to society, in that case, are very injurious. The law of God is doubtless, in this, as in all other things, the best and least expensive guide. Still some of our readers may not be displeased to know the Chinese law on this subject. The following causes of divorce are enumerated in the Chinese criminal code.—They are all unfortunately supposed to arise from the woman.—A wife may be divorced. 1. For barrenness. 2. For adultery. 3. For refusing to serve her father-in-law and mother-in-law. 4. For much speaking—we suppose evil-speaking is meant. 5. For theft. 6. For jealousy. 7. For disease.—e. g. some inveterate kind of leprosy, &c.

There are, however, three exceptions in favour of the wife, admitting even that several of the above can be clearly proved.

These are—1. If she have mourned three years for her father-in-law or mother-in-law. 2. If, when the parties were married, the husband was poor, but has since become rich. 3. If, at the time of their marriage, the woman's parents or relatives were alive, but have since died, so that she has no home left her.—If any one of these three things can be proved, she cannot be legally put away. In case of a wife's deserting her husband, the law enjoins that she be beaten one hundred blows, with a rod,

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and leaves it at the husband's option either to give her away to another man, or to sell her. If a wife elope from her husband, and marry another man, she is to be put to death by strangling.—From these notes, the reader will perceive that the Chinese law is sufficiently severe in regard to the offending female.—The law gives the wife no power to divorce her husband—a separation, however, she may claim. The subject of divorce has occupied the attention of many eminent divines, lawyers, and statesmen, in different parts of the world. Just views of the question, it cannot be denied, are of great importance to the morals and well-being of society. The ease with which divorces can be obtained in some of the Continental nations of Europe, and the difficulty with which they are obtained in Great Britain, are both considered extremes.

RELIGIOUS FANATIC.

[The following singular account of a religious lunatic, or impostor, (we suspect the latter,) is copied from an United States' journal, intitled the Backwoodman.]

Bowling Green, Kentucky, Aug. 16, 1823.

THE founder of this new city (New Jerusalem) calls himself Jesus Christ, but is the same person who formerly went by the name of McDonald, a tailor by profession. He is about fifty years of age, of small stature, and his head is somewhat bald. He has been preaching occasionally in this place, for about twelve months, the doctrine of living for ever in this world in our present shape! He says he is the Christ, because he was the first that embraced the doctrine of living for ever on this earth: he quotes many parts of the Bible to show, if we have faith, we 'shall never die,' and says 'God surely will not lie;' adding that many of the disciples of the former Christ never died, or that the Bible furnishes no evidence of the fact. He takes the Bible as his guide, and is conversant with every chapter and verse therein. He possesses good natural talents, but his education is quite limited. He was formerly a Roman Catholic, and some say a priest; but the latter we are inclined to discredit.

The centre of this new Jerusalem is situated about half a mile from our little village, and the only building as yet is a little hut, built in the shape of a tent, with little poles about two or three inches in circumference, and covered with dirt. Curiosity prompted us, a few days since, to visit this humble habitation. We found the old gentleman engaged in cooking his breakfast. He appeared pleased at the visit, and conducted us to a seat. He seems to live a frugal life:—a large gourd of water composed his beverage, three or four old boards afford him a place to repose his head, and one or two more make him a temporary desk. He appears quite cheerful and communicative. He showed a plan of this wonderful city;—it is to be fourteen

miles square, and it is contemplated to erect one or two good brick houses this fall. Absurd as this doctrine will appear at first to the reader, his astonishment, will be increased when we inform him that twelve have actually declared in its favour, and some of them commenced preaching! The best of all, however, is, that some of the converts are worth about 4 or 5,000 dollars!!!—Let us assure our distant readers that this 'live-for-ever' is not a deranged man. His schemes, intentions, &c. we cheerfully leave to others to judge of, without offering a comment ourselves. All we feel disposed to say, is, he is an inoffensive old man; and if he and his disciples can live for ever, let them do it.

Original Poetry.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY SIR JAMES LAURENCE.

WHEN I described the shape and face
And air of her who caused my flame,
Her wit, her talents, and her grace,
I carefully conceal'd her name;
But envy mock'd my fond alarms,
And named the portrait that I drew:
Ah! I forgot, so many charms
Were ne'er united but in—you.

FORBEARANCE.

BY THE SAME.

DUNCES and wits, be this your rule,—
Abstain from sharp replies;
Silence is wisdom in the fool,
And mercy in the wise.

TO —,

On the Death of a Relative at the early age of Twenty-one.

THE king to-day who Britain's glory has,
The humble shepherd on his knot of grass,
The man of science, and the son of wealth,
The blush of beauty, and the glow of health,
The statesman with his eloquence ne'er spent,
The child of wit and gay accomplishment,—
All may, to-day, rear high hope's giddy crest,
All think themselves the blest of all the bless'd;
Yet by to-morrow all may find their tomb,
And therefore Roberts shared the general doom.
Tell Mary-Ann to think, think well of this,
Nor deem the voice of friendship used amiss.

Humanity hath ills, and death is such—
Boots it to fret life's little span too much?
We're taught to think, and justly so, that there
Is bliss, when life hath passed, beyond compare,—
That while rude Death may fright us and annoy,
There yet are joys which never, never cloy.

The power which gave this fragile breath to earth
Oft nips the infant struggling into birth;
And wisely so,—for care and vice abound
Where sweetest flow'rets strew th' empurpled ground,
And sicken all the beauteous landscape round:
And where so many cares and vices fall,
Thinkest thou that Roberts would escape them all?

Though fortune had for him her gifts in store,
The book of fate perhaps another bore!

Ah! while he laughed and revelled o'er her cup,
He might have drank the bitter dregs all up!
Ten thousand years have many a bitter day,
Ten thousand youths have gone, like him, away:
Tell Mary-Ann to think, think well of this,
Nor deem the voice of friendship far amiss.

Could Cooper's art or Galen's stop the tide
Of mortal ill, then Roberts had not died.—
The fiat sealed, who dares the act gainsay?
He wills above, and mortals must obey.
Then why repine? Why nurse the tide of sorrow?

There is a burst of joy beyond the morrow!
Then why repine? Keep reason in thy sight,—
'One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.'

BEPPPO.

STANZAS.*

By the Author of Tears for Pity.

I GAZE upon thy sinless face,
But feel not as of old I felt,
When wont on that fair heaven to trace
The characters of thoughts that dwelt
(Serene, in native loveliness)
In thy bright eye's effulgence, shrin'd;—
Rob'd in thy warm cheeks' rosy dress,
Hous'd in that holiest temple—MIND!
The soul's immortal poetry!
Which droops and fades, but will not die.

I gaze upon thine ample brow,
Where once imagination toil'd;
And sigh, to see its albine snow
With pain and suff'ring's footprints soil'd;
While on thy face disease hath breath'd
Its pestilence, and chang'd to stone
The blooms that there were once enwreath'd
By Health, who named them all her own.
In very sooth, my heart is sad
To see thee thus by sickness clad.

Thy cheek is sunk;—thy lips are pale—
They tremble with the fever's heat;
Thine eyes alone are bright and hale,
As they could no mutation meet.
This wasted form—that languid cheek,
Though still lit up with laughter's light,
Proclaim that woe hath dar'd to wreak
Its ire on thee; that sorrow's blight
Hath met thee, in thine early spring,
Life from its lovely home to wring!

Oh! how I mourn the days gone by,
When wove my tongue rebukes for thee—
And when, to rear th' unconscious sigh,
My lips indulg'd in raillery!
I thought not then a time would come,
When memory might create a thorn,
And drive it, rankling, fest'ring, home!
'Till grief be in my heart's heart born
At thought that, with a laurel'd name,
My nature so ill courted fame.

In all our hours of mirth and glee,
Thou wast the merriest—thine the laugh,
Loudest, of passionate revelry!
—Though many a stern one deign'd to quaff
Th' ambrosial nectar of thine eyes,
On none but me that juice was pour'd;—
Yet I, ungrateful, took the prize,
And in least-shelter'd harbour moor'd!
Nor seem'd to care for thee or it,
But scorn'd the woman for the wit.

The hour of sadness brings thee gloom!—
The hour of gladness flies for aye!—
Thy grave is open—near thy doom—
And I?—I have no power to stay.

* Composed Jan. 1, 1814, over a bottle, by the side of a beautiful consumptive.

I knew not, till this moment came,
My heart contain'd such love for thee;
I knew not that so strong a flame
Liv'd in my soul's idolatry.

Forgive me, beauty! oh, forgive!
That I may love you, while you live.

While death its fearful power displays—
While the cold marble bares its breast,
To tell poor travellers of the maze
Thy feet have trod—the glorious rest
Thine active mind will have attain'd,—
Permit my blessing, darling maid!
Be, like love's off'ring, gently rain'd
On thee and on thy dust; till, laid
In the same grave, our bones may blend,
And to one heav'n our spirits wend.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

IN resuming our remarks on this exhibition, we may observe, by way of preface, that at succeeding visits we have been much struck by the inferiority of many pieces that had at first escaped our notice: and, what is singular enough, several pictures of the most tasteless and slovenly execution are placed just on a level with the eye. No. 69, *The Novel*, is a coarse daub of this description. No. 95, *Penelope's Grief over the Bow of Ulysses*, is another wretched piece: a more ill-favoured vulgar creature than this representation of the chaste spouse of Ulysses cannot easily be conceived. And what, we ask, in the name of taste, could have procured admission for such a huge piece of insipidity as No. 283*, (not in the catalogue) representing a *Woman with a Child in her Arms, in a Storm of Snow*? Conceive the ridiculous appearance of a whole length figure, of the size of life, sprinkled over with patches of white, to imitate flakes of snow! No. 128, *An Interior*, an architectural subject, representing a saloon, with Ionic columns and a dome ceiling, is an ill-drawn and badly painted piece; whether it is a design or a view we know not, but, from the uncouth, antiquated taste it displays, we should rather imagine it to be the latter: the execution betrays a very inexperienced hand. It is to be observed, however, that this piece is hung where hardly any one will take the trouble to look at it. We really regret to perceive that such miserable and impotent attempts as those which we have just pointed out, should have ever been permitted to disgrace the walls of this gallery. There are several other very mediocre performances, but none altogether so bad as these. Having thus performed an ungracious and invidious task, yet one that impartiality demanded of us, we shall now proceed to the

more agreeable one of pointing out such pictures as deserve commendation. There are many domestic and humorous subjects, but the majority of them possess more merit in the idea and the conception than the execution. To this class belong, No. 229, *Spiling the Ale*, by Woodin; No. 249, *The Battle Interrupted*; and No. 287, *The First Visit to Grand-mamma*, by Ingaltan; No. 283, *Country Psalm-Singers*, by Novice; and No. 338, *The Grandmother's Plague*. The colouring in some of these pictures is meagre and washy, and there is an obvious want of that richness and harmony which delights the eye so much in the productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools. In this respect, No. 244, *the Social Pinch*, by Fraser, is much superior; for there is a mellowness of tint and force of chiaro-scuro that forcibly arrest the glance of the spectator. In the *Psalm-Singers* there is much nature and character, with no small portion of quaint humour. No. 268, *The Itinerant Clockmaker*, by the same artist, wants incident, and has not sufficient merit in other respects to atone for this deficiency. Indeed, subjects of the familiar and comic class require considerable taste and discrimination, besides extraordinary beauties of execution, in order to prevent them from degenerating into common-place and insipidity on the one hand, or mere caricature on the other. Too many pieces of this description look as if painted expressly for the purpose of making coloured prints from them,—or, perhaps, as if copied from prints. They have too frequently a prosaic flatness of colouring and execution as well as of subject, that place them infinitely below the productions of the Dutch masters; who, vulgar and even uninteresting as they frequently are, in the latter respect, are almost always poetical—if we may so express ourselves, in all that relates to execution and pictorial effect.

To Eastlake the gallery is indebted for much of its interest. His pictures have a breadth and vigour, and a depth and brilliancy of colour in them, quite original; they bear, moreover, a strong impress of truth, although there is a romantic and almost poetical character in his figures, far removed from what we meet with in this country, among persons of a similar class. His *Contadina and her Children* (No. 74), is a delightful instance of this: it answers to all the ideal of the women of a country where Raphael found his *Madonnas*. Her rich and tasteful costume gives to this female the air of an Asiatic

princess, and we feel assured that the peasant who could attire herself with so much taste could not be an ordinary, vulgar creature. It seems as if a superior elegance, as well as a more perfect physical development, were bestowed upon the inhabitants of the favoured clime of Italy. Eastlake's works may be considered as forming an intermediate link between the purely historical of the Italian and the purely imitative of the Flemish school. His banditti and his females are not coarse rustics, but they are marked by a certain natural and inherent nobility, which it is impossible either to overlook or mistake.

There are not many attempts at historical or poetical composition (except pictures previously exhibited at the Royal Academy), and what there are, are not particularly excellent. We must except, however, Etty's *Maternal Affection*, which has much grace, feeling, and ideal beauty. This artist has selected a walk peculiar to himself, and, if he do not degenerate into mannerism, will distinguish himself in it most creditably. His drawing and contours display both accuracy and elegance, but his colouring savours rather too much of affectation: a little more nature in this respect would not detract from the poetry of his subjects. — No. 23, *Iris and her Train*, by Howard, is also one of the best of this class: much tasteful fancy is displayed in this group, which is arranged in a pleasing manner; the idea, too, appears to us to be particularly happy. We should, however, have been better pleased with it had there been a greater richness in some of the carnations.

After all, it is in landscape that the gallery is this year most rich; and, in addition to those pictures which we have before noticed, we may now mention No. 32, *Beckenham Church*, by Stanley, which possesses very great merit as a local portrait. The trees are full of character and exceedingly well executed, and there is a general air of truth and nature in this picture, that cannot fail to interest.

Linton has some pleasing landscapes: his *View of Lancaster Sands* is an admirable coast scene, painted with perfect intelligence of and with much feeling for aerial effect. And No. 186, *The Vale of Evesham*, with the *Malvern Hills*, by the same artist, is a rich and interesting subject. No. 314, *The Entrance of the Great Cavern of the Peak*, with the *Castle of Peveril of the Peak*, by Hosland, has, independently of its merit as a picture, great attraction, both

on account of the singular features of the landscape and the local associations attached to the spot.—There are a few other pictures which deserve to be noticed, and we shall probably take an opportunity of doing so before the gallery closes.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE ORATORIOS.—Notwithstanding Madame Catalani lends her transcendent talents to the *Concerts Spirituels* at the Opera House, the Oratorios have commenced prosperously, the alternate Wednesday and Friday nights at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Those sweet syrens, Misses Stephens and Paton, harmonize delightfully; Braham is in himself a host, Sinclair holds the next rank, and Sapio possesses great vocal talent. The instrumental department of the Oratorios is on a large scale, and includes many performers of great merit and celebrity.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—For the last fortnight, every species of puffing noticed in Sheridan's *Critic* has been resorted to on behalf of a new comedy, which has been produced at Covent Garden Theatre. First, we were told it was by a celebrated poet—then it was whispered that the Rev. George Croly was the celebrated poet alluded to, until every man that thus designated the reverend gentleman was laughed at—when the name of Tom Moore was substituted for that of Mr. Croly. John Bull assured the public, that the new comedy was by Miss Benger, merely for the purpose that the assertion and contradiction might afford a double opportunity of keeping the comedy before the public; a bad pun in prose and a worse epigram were grafted on the title, in one of the morning papers, and when poets and historians had been exhausted, actors were fixed upon, and one of the journals assured us that the new comedy was by a comic actor, the first in his line, who had written several good farces. Such were the puffs, prelude, oblique, and direct, which preceded the comedy. Nor was the system abandoned in producing it on Thursday night. The author availed himself of Connor's popularity as Dr. O'Toole, to deliver a dull prologue in that character, and of Yates's talents as a mimic, to give imitations of most of our popular performers, in an impertinent epilogue; which asserts that there has been no comedy since the last of Sheridan's, that is to say, within the last fifty years. What will Reynolds

and Morton, and some half dozen other writers, say to this? But 'the play—the play's the thing,' and we must to it, although Thursday night's entertainments encroach sadly on our limits. The new comedy, or rather a mixture of farce, opera, melo-drama, and comedy, is entitled *Pride shall have a Fall*. The scene is laid in Palermo, and the story is thus told by the author, in incongruous jargon:—

'Victoria (Miss Paton), daughter of a Sicilian merchant (Farren), has been betrothed to Lorenzo (C. Kemble), an officer of hussars. During his absence on an expedition to Morocco, the merchant has been bequeathed a large estate, and has become Count Ventoso. The family decide on rejecting Lorenzo, as an inferior match. He returns, is indignant, and, acquainting his brother officers with the insult, determines on degrading the family by a marriage with a man of the lowest order, personating a man of rank.

'This man is looked for in the public goal; the family are captivated, and the match is to occur immediately. Lorenzo suddenly regrets his vengeance, interferes, and detects the impostor. The pride of the family has a fall; finally, Lorenzo is ascertained to be of high birth, and the impostor heir to opulence. The daughters find their lovers, and the count and countess are secured in their title and fortune.'

This is but a very dull outline of the plot, which contains three times as many characters as are here mentioned. There are three hussars, Connor, Abbott, and Yates; the former, a common-place Irish major; the latter, a Sicilian dandy. These gentlemen, like Tom, Jerry, and Logic, appear in almost every scene. Jones, as Torrento the Impostor, was admirable. A scene in the gaol, in which, like Humphrey Clinker or Billy Waters, he harangued his companions, was very extravagant, although his speech was a good burlesque on modern declamation; but his mistaking the three hussars for constables, custom-house officers, or sheriffs' officers (sheriffs' officers in Sicily!), was ridiculous. A personification of Curiosity, a parody of Shakespeare's Queen Mab, appeared to us to contain some poetic merit, but was sadly out of place. He makes numerous puns, not one of which appeared to us original; the best, where Torrento refuses a cast-off uniform offered by Abbott, saying he would not take up the abandoned habits of the hussars, is borrowed from Henry Erskine, and told admirably. This Torrento turns out to be the heir of a rich banker. Charles Kemble, an hussar and a lover of Victoria, who wears a dashing uniform, becomes, no

one knows how, the son of the Viceroy of Sicily, who had been acting as a sort of Peter Pry in the piece, forcing himself into halls and to banquets uninvited. Lorenzo, however, and Torrento (in love with Leonora, Miss Love) get each a bride, and then the piece finishes.

The moral is not good: Count Ventoso only acted as a prudent father in refusing his daughter to a hussar who did not know his own parentage; and if his pride had a fall in consenting to marry his daughter to an impostor who assumed the character of a prince, yet it was a fall to rise again. The best parts of the play were the songs, which were given with much effect by Miss Paton and Miss Love; and Pyne, in livery, was sometimes introduced, to join these two daughters of the haughty Countess Ventoso.

After the remarks we have honestly made, our readers will perhaps learn with surprise that the play was received with great applause.

MR. BARTLEY has resumed his Lectures on Astronomy, at the English Opera House, on the Wednesday and Friday evenings during Lent. The clear, forcible, and impressive manner in which Mr. Bartley describes the various phenomena of the heavens and the earth, the planetary system, the orbit of the comet, &c. and the admirable apparatus by which the subject is illustrated, render the lecture one of the most rational and instructive places of amusement that can be visited.

Literature and Science.

In the press, An Apology for Don Juan, cantos I. and II.

Lord Byron is still at Missolonghi, where the rights of citizenship were conferred on him in full senate. His new poem, *The Triumph of Hellas*, has been translated into Greek.

Since the commencement of this year, Russia reckons fifty journals of belles lettres, arts, and sciences, four political gazettes, two almanacks, with papers on literature.

Waverley has been lately translated into the Hungarian language, and others of the Scotch novels are in the hands of translators. It is curious to see the author becoming naturalized in a country so dissimilar to that his genius has illustrated.

A quantity of aerolites fell near the village of Arenazzo, in Bologna, the beginning of last month, of immense size. Some of them have been carried to Bologna which weigh twelve pounds each. The shower of aerolites was preceded by an extraordinary peal of thunder, accompanied by a slight wind.

A new paper has been commenced in Greece, called *The Greek Gazette*, the first numbers of which, printed at Missolonghi, have been received at Corfu: they are read with extreme avidity. It is announced that a French journal will be printed in the same town. Europe will at length obtain information of what is passing from other organs than those of the Turks.

In the press, *Shakspeare's Plays*, with notes, original and selected, by Henry Neele, Esq., embellished with engravings by the most eminent artists, from original paintings by G. F. Joseph, A. R. A. to be published in monthly parts.

In the press, *The Political Hermit*, or *Sketches, Characters, Fragments, and Opinions*; being a sequel to the *Hermit in London, Country, &c.*

Also, *Genevive*, a tale, by F. S. Corr: this will be printed uniformly with Sharp's pieces.

American Iron.—A sample of rolled iron was lately sent to England from New York, as an experiment in reference to its singular properties. It was manufactured from the Peru ore, at the Russian iron-works, on the river An-Sable. It is pronounced equal to the best Archangel iron, and superior to any other in the world in the essential property of welding. Orders of considerable amount have, in consequence, been received from England.—*Daily Advertiser*.

Death of Mr. Bowditch, the African Traveller.—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of this enterprising traveller. He had been employed in surveying the river Gambia, and, after exposing himself to the heat of the sun during the day, he became excessively chilled by the land breezes in the evening, whilst making astronomical observations, and caught the fever of the country. His youth and temperate habits were so much in his favour, that he revived two or three times in a surprising manner, but his extreme impatience under the interruption of his pursuits constantly threw him back again, and he expired, after great sufferings, on the 10th of January, a victim to the cause of African discovery. His widow and three young children are left entirely unprovided for; she accompanied him to Africa, and entered with the utmost zeal and enthusiasm into all his views and pursuits, which she was eminently qualified to promote by her fine talents as an artist, and her extensive knowledge of several branches of natural history. Mr. Bowditch was well known to the public by his interesting account of the mission to Ashantee, and by several other publications: he had devoted himself during the interval between his two journeys to Africa, to a most laborious course of preparatory studies in natural history, geology, and astronomy; and few travellers in modern times have left their country equally qualified with himself to make observations of such extent and accuracy, and consequently so important for the interests of science.—*Camb. Chron.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
March 4	28	38	36	29.93	Fair.
..... 5	38	53	43	.. 62	Do.
..... 6	43	53	46	.. 86	Do.
..... 7	47	53	48	.. 55	Rain.
..... 8	52	52	37	.. 20	Do.
..... 9	37	47	42	.. 70	Fair.
..... 10	43	44	37	.. 72	Do.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our present number we insert a poetical effusion from an old and admired correspondent, well known to the early readers of *The Literary Chronicle*. We shall most readily avail ourselves of his offer of further favours.

'Meditations by Moonlight, No. III.' S. G. on 'Scholastic Discipline,' and Z. Z. in our next.

W. J. C. and W. D. have been received.

Works published since our last notice.—Joanna, Queen of Naples, 2 vols. 8vo. with portrait, &c. 25s. M^{rs} Queen's West India Colonies, 8vo. 12s. *The Little Historians*, a New Chronicle of the Affairs of England, 3 vols. 9s. half-bound. Boy's *Tactica Sacra*, 10s. 6d. Boaden on Portraits of Shakspeare, 15s. *Triumph of Truth*, 18mo. second edition, 2s. *Lectures on Parables*, crown 8vo. 8s. Moore's *Ellen Ramsay*, 3 vols. 21s. *Scudamore on Blood*, 8vo. 6s. Rev. G. Walker's, *Sermons*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. Meade's *Almost Christian*, 1s. 6d. *Memoires sur le Duc d'Enghein*, 6s. 6d. Ditto, in English, 6s. 6d. Aureus, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign, 12mo. 7s. 6d. Retsch's *Series of Outlines*, engraved by Henry Moses, to Schiller's *Fridolin*, Part I. 4to. 4s.

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By JOHN GALT, Esq.

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By any other name would smell as sweet.'

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